TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

EIGHTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association;

FOR

1880;

AND THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. J. W. NESMITH,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON, AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

SALEM, OREGON:

E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.

1881.

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EIGHTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

At Portland, June 15, 1880.

Nature smiled on the Pioneers Tuesday. As if to repay for many days hiding, the sun came out gloriously, and during the entire day the weather was as pleasant as could be desired. The crowd was increased by arrivals on the morning boats, the Albany express and the west side train. Flags were generously displayed from staffs all over the city, and Portland wore a holliday look.

THE PROCESSION.

Shortly after 12:30 P. M. the procession was formed in front of the Clarendon Hotel, in the following order:

Two Boys on Horseback as Videttes.

Grand Marshal Al Zieber and Aids.

National Flag.

Washington Guard Band.

Grand Standard Bearer.

Chaplain.

Members of the Association who came to the Territory previous to 1841.

Divisions of Members who came from 1841 to 1854, with Appropriate Banners.

Carriages with Orators of the Day.

Carriages with President and Officers of the Society.

Carriages with Mayor Thompson and City Officers of Portland.

Carriages with Invited Guests.

Citizens on Foot.

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The following gentlemen were division standard bearers:

1841—J. L. Parrish.
1842—J. R. Robb.
1843—Jeptha Garrison.
1844—Cyrus Nelson.
1845—T. R. Cornelius.
1846—Alvin C. Brown.
1847—John T. Apperson.
1848—John Catlin.
1849—Frank Cooper.
1850—T. A. Davis.
1851—Geo. L. Story.
1852—Jos. Buchtel.
1853—P. E. Mathoit.
1855—Marion Wilcox.

The procession moved up First street to Columbia, out Columbia to Second, and up Second to the pavilion. It was witnessed by large crowds all along the line.

AT THE PAVILION.

When the exercises at the pavilion began, not less than 2500 or 3000 persons had assembled. The audience was called to order by the president, Capt. Medorum Crawford, who introduced Mayor D. P. Thompson. He delivered the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

To the President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The privilege of welcoming the Society of Oregon Pioneers on this occasion of your annual re-union in the City of Portland has been assigned to me. Had I consulted my own feelings, another and abler speaker would have stood before you to welcome you. But inasmuch as the duty has been imposed upon me, I will say that in behalf of the City of Portland, I welcome you to its hospitalities.

More than a quarter of a century ago I came to the Territory of Oregon. The pioneers were here at that time. I see before me the pioneers of 1841, and of each succeding year up to 1854.

My business after arriving in the Territory in 1853 brought me in contact with the leading spirits who had come to the Territory before that time.

Nearly all the pioneers came to Oregon either by pack trains or ox teams across the great plains, or by way of Cape Horn. Many months were occupied in the journey and all manner of dangers were encountered, either by savages or want of provisions on the plains, or by dangers of the sea in the long and tedious sea voyage in sailing vessels around Cape Horn.

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It is you, the leading spirits, who braved so many dangers, who are justly entitled to claim the honor of laying the foundation of this proud commonwealth. The development of the State of Oregon has been wonderful within the last decade. It is a pleasure to me to know that so many of those whose energy and enterprise has brought about this wonderful development are before me to-day, to celebrate this, the Eighth Annual Re-Union of your Society, and to know that so many of you still live to witness the advancement of the institutions your energy and enterprise inaugurated. You have been found foremost in every enterprise that has added wealth and greatness to the State.

I am glad to see so many of you here to-day, and when I extend to you this friendly greeting it is with a feeling of fraternal friendship which I can express in no words so fitting as those of the poet who wrote--

"There are no friends like the old friends."

I will not enter into dry statistics on this occasion. When the site of the proud city in which we are assembled was a dense fir forest, some of you were here. When the valleys of the Willamette and Umpqua were a howling wilderness and as untamed as the wilds of Africa; when the great eastern portion of our State was regarded as only fit for herds of Indian ponies to feed upon, you were here. You have assisted to bring about a glorious transition.

The untamed wilds have been made blooming gardens and fruitful fields. The untried fields of Eastern Oregon have been found to be fertile fields for the production of grain, from which bread is made to feed the millions of our race whose lots have been cast in countries beyond the seas more inhospitable than ours.

Pioneers of Oregon, permit me to greet you as one common brotherhood. It has been yours to open up an empire in which thousands of happy homes have been and are being established, where virtue, religion, good morals, patriotism, together with the arts and sciences, and all things pure and elevating, shall be taught for all time. Here you meet many who can recall incidents with which you are all familiar--incidents which cannot fail to cause us all in our minds to live over again the days of the past; to view this fair domain as it was a quarter of a century ago, when the "trail and foot-log" were our only thoroughfares, and the "cayuse pony" and the "shoulder pack" from necessity supplied the place of the locomotive and steamboat, and compare that time with the present, and the fact can scarcely be realized that so great a change could be wrought in so short a time.

With the magnificent steamers of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, that plough the waters of the Columbia, along the whole northern boun-

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dary of our State, and penetrating almost to the Rocky mountains in the Territory of Idaho, and which convey the products of Eastern Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho to the seaboard, there to be shipped by sea-going vessels to all parts of the world. With lines of railroad that traverse the western portion of the State from the northern almost to the southern boundary of the State; with the lines of railroads in Eastern Oregon and the Willamette valley, now in the course of construction, that furnish employment for thousands of laborers, and which will open up for settlement millions of acres of land to profitable cultivation; with the magnificent lines of ocean steamships sailing from Portland to far-off Sitka on the north, and to San Francisco on the South, and whose home port is within our State; with the telegraph lines extending to almost every village in the State, bringing them into instantaneous communication with every part of the civilized world; with the telephone that connects almost every business house in the City of Portland with the others in instantaneous communication, shows the changes that have been brought about in great part by you in Oregon since your arrival here.

And now, having briefly alluded to the past and the present, in the name of of the City of Portland—the Queen City of the great Northwest—we welcome you to meet with us on this, your Eighth Annual Reunion.

Rev. J. S. Griffin offered a feeling prayer, after which the President delivered the

OPENING ADDRESS.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

On this, the Eighth Annual Reunion of our Society, it was decided by your officers to hold our annual meeting here at the metropolis of our adopted State.

The substantial interest in our association manifested by the citizens of Portland ever since its organization, and a desire to encourage and accommodate the large and increasing number of Pioneers who are located in Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, were important reasons; and the time for holding the annual State Fair at Salem having been changed to within a few days of the time appointed by our constitution for our annual reunion, determined your committee to accept the invitation of the Pioneers and citizens of Portland to meet here on this occasion.

The very cordial manner in whichwe have been received, and this magnificent pavilion, so beautifully decorated, provided for our use, proves that the citizens of Portland are not unmindful of the respect due to those pioneers who laid the foundation of the prosperity they now enjoy.

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Some there are yet left among us who remember when the ground upon which this beautiful city stands was an uninhabitable wilderness, and the spot now occupied by this magnifieent building an almost impenetrable jungle.

These changes so noticeable here are but little less marked throughout our adopted country.

The Indian canoe and Hudson Bay beatteau have been superceded by steamboats, while the Spanish bronco and Indian pony have abandoned the trail to the locomotive.

A few more years will not only remove all traces of our pioneer customs, but the pioneers themselves will be beyond the reach of reunions and camp fires. Let us not therefore neglect these annual opportunities of recalling the past and enjoying the present.

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ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY COL. J. W. NESMITH.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and Fellow Citizens:

We assemble to-day in the beautiful and flourishing commercial emporium of the great northwest to hold the Eighth Annual Re union of the members of our Society. We shall pass some time in social intercourse, and refer to the days of Auld Lang Syne, when some of us beheld the site of this city as a wilderness, and before it or its surrounding solitude were disturbed by civilized man; we will indulge in pleasant reminiscences of the long past, and glance back at the pleasures as well as the toils and privations of the early pioneers.

The links in the chain of personal friendship will again be brightened by those of us who long ago, in poverty and obscurity, shared the common toils and dangers incident to the reclaiming of the wilderness from the dominion of the savages and wild beasts, and causing it to "bud and blossom as the rose." Those of us who have passed the meridian of life can hardly realize the changes that have taken place under our observation since the hopeful days of our young and vigorous manhood. We have witnessed the invasion of the solitude of the forests by civilization. We have seen what we used to know from our school geographies as "the great American desert," stretching away nearly 2,000 miles west from the borders of the old republic to the Pacific, dotted all over with cities, towns and rich productive farms. The domestic cattle of the herdsman now graze upon the thousand hills over which we once saw the bison and wolf roaming. Great marts of trade have arisen upon spots that it only seems to us like yesterday were inhabited by hostile savages and wild beasts. Agricultural and mechanical industries have sought out beautiful and remote places, which we recollect as many days' travel from the nearest settler's cabin. Commerce, in its ceaseless activity, not content with vexing all our rivers with the steamer's prow, has sought out the remote valleys, and sent the iron horse to disturb with his resounding scream, solitude which had existed since the hour of creation.

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It would seem eminently proper that we who can say of those changes, "all of which we saw, and part of which we were," should, as we descend life's hill together, annually pause for a day upon our journey to indulge in reminiscenses relative to that past which is never to return.

Your committee has imposed upon me the duty of addressing you to-day. Five years ago I discharged a similar task, and I think that every other pioneer should have been called upon before my turn came round again.

The ablest speakers and writers of Oregon and Washington Territory have been edifying you annually for the last seven years, and would seem to have left but little to be said about our early history or the incidents of pioneer life. Judge Deady, in his admirable address of 1875, left nothing to be said upon the subject of the question of our title to Oregon, and the question of joint occupancy with Great Britain. Hon. Elwood Evans, of Washington Territory, in his interesting address of 1877, exhausted all of the eloquence that pertains to the subject. Our friend Willard H. Rees, in 1879, gave us an address replete with facts and incidents of pioneer life. Others have entertained you with able addresses. In my effort to avoid a repetition of what has already been so well said, I shall purposely be discursive in trying to gather up some odds and ends which have escaped the attention of the more brilliant orators, and as I think, are worthy of preservation. Judge Strong, in his address of 1878, gave us an interesting account of the building up of our internal commerce by the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. I now propose to briefly refer to the inception of our commerce, at a time anterior to that of which Judge Strong spoke, as it may be interesting to those who are to come after us to know how and by what means the early pioneers succeeded in availing themselves of the inestimable advantages of those intercommunications and exchanges called commerce; and which, as political economists tell us, are the necessary adjuncts to progress and civilization, and without which no advance can be made beyond a state of barbarianism. History is replete with the wonderful triumphs of commercial enterprise achieved during the world's progress. I cannot take the time to even refer to their magnificent results, or repeat the lessons of history, which demonstrate that by its wonderful power, at some period it has changed the great centers of wealth and empire from one spot upon the earth's surface to another.

I must leave you to indulge in such historical reminiscenses and reveries at your leisure. There are some men now within the sound of my voice who resided in Oregon when all of the imports and exports by the mouth of the Columbia river, aside from the business of the Hudson Bay Company, did not amount to $1,000 per annum. We have lived to see the exports alone of last year amount to the approximate sum of ten millions, and there are men now

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listening to me who will live to see our great "Inland Empire" developed, and when the commerce of the mouth of the Columbia and the Straits of Juan de Fuca will amount to $200,000,000 per annum.

It is, as I said, my purpose to speak briefly of the inception of our external and internal commerce, as inaugurated by the efforts of the early pioneers. The grand results up to 1880 are before you. Let us compare them with their humble origin while we may still, with reference to the future, regard them as in their infancy.

Forty years ago the few American citizens in Oregon were isolated from the outside world. Some adventureous and enterprising persons conceived the idea of building a vessel of sufficient capacity to cross the Columbia river bar and navigate the ocean. Those persons were mostly old Rocky mountain beaver trappers and sailors who had drifted like waifs to the Willamette Valley. Their names were Joseph Gale, John Canan, Ralph Kilbourn, Pleasant Armstrong, Henry Woods, George Davis and Jacob Green. Felix Hathaway was employed as master ship carpenter, and Thomas Hubbard and J. L. Parrish did the blacksmith work. In the latter part of the summer of 1840, there was laid the keel of the schooner Star of Oregon, upon the east side of Swan Island, near the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers. The representatives of the Hudson Bay Company, either dreading commercial competition, or doubtful about their pay, at first refused to furnish any supplies. But through the earnest representation of Capt. Wilkes—then here in command of the American exploring squadron, and who offered to become responsible for the payment—Dr. McLaughlin furnished all such necessary articles as were in store at Vancouver. On the 19th of May, 1841, the schooner was launched. She had only been planked up to the water ways, and in that condition was worked up to the falls of the Willamette. Owing to destitution of means and scarcity of provisions, the enterprising ship builders were compelled to suspend work upon their vessel until May, 1842. On the 25th of August, the vessel was completed and the crew went on board at the falls. They consisted of the following named persons: Joseph Gale, Captain; John Canan, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourn, Jacob Green and one Indian boy ten years old. There was but one passenger, a Mr. Piffenhauser. Capt. Wilkes furnished the shipbuilders with an anchor, hawser, nautical instruments, a flag and a clearance. On the 12th of September, 1842, she crossed the bar of the Columbia, coming very near being wrecked in the breakers, and took latitude and departure from Cape Disappointment just as the sun touched the western horizon.

That night there arose a terrific storm which lasted for thirty-six hours, during which Capt. Gale, who was the only experienced sailor on board, never left

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the helm. The little Star behaved beautifully in the storm, and after a voyage of five days anchored in the foreign port of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called.

The Star was 48 feet 8 inches on the keel, and 53 feet 8 inches over all, with 10 feet 9 inches in the widest part, and drew, in good ballast trim, 4 feet and 6 inches of water; her frame was of swamp white oak, her knees of seasoned red fir roots, her beam and carlins of red fir. She was clinker built, and of the Baltimore clipper model. She was planked with clear cedar, dressed to 1¼ inches, which was spiked to every rib with a wrought iron spike half an inch square and clinched on the inside. The deck was double and she was what is known as a fore and aft schooner, having no topsails, but simply fore and main sails, jib and flying jib. She was painted black, with a small white ribbon running from stem to stern, and was one of the handsomest little crafts that ever sat upon the water. Captain Gale and the crew, who were the owners of the Star, sold her at the bay of San Francisco in the fall of 1842, to a French captain named Josa Lamantour, who had recently wrecked his vessel. The price paid was 350 cows.

Shortly after Capt. Gale arrived at San Francisco, the captains of several vessels then in the harbor came on board his schooner, and when passing around the stern, read Star of Oregon; he heard them swear that there was no such port in the world.

Capt. Gale and his crew remained in California all winter, and in the spring of 1843 started to Oregon with a party of 42 men, who brought with them an aggregate of 1,250 head of cattle, 600 head of mares, colts, horses and mules, and 3,000 sheep. They were 75 days in reaching the Willamette Valley. On their arrival with their herds, the monopoly in stock cattle came to an end in Oregon.

Capt. Joseph Gale, the master spirit of the enterprise, was born, I believe, in the District of Columbia, and in his younger days followed the sea, where he obtained a good knowledge of navigation and seamanship. Capt. Wilkes, before he would give him papers, examined him satisfactorily upon these subjects.

Gale, abandoning the sea, found his way to the Rocky mountains, and was for several years a trapper. I knew him well and lived with him in the winter of 1843-4, and often listened to his thrilling adventures by sea and land. He then had the American flag that Wilkes gave him, and made a soat of canopy of it, under which he slept. No saint was ever more devoted to his shrine than Gale was to that dear old flag. The old man now lives at New Bridge, in

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Union County, in this State, and, I believe, is the only survivor of the brave and venturous men who owned and sailed the Star. Rev. J. L. Parrish, who honors us with his presence to-day, is the only surviving mechanic who aided in her construction.

Capt. Gale has always been a man of great energy, brave, fearless and honest. I wish that he was with us to-day that he might enjoy the congratulations due to his enterprise in inaugurating what at no distant day will constitute a great commercial marine.

In the summer of 1844, Aaron Cook, a burly and bluff old Englishman, strongly imbued with American sentiments, conceived the idea of building a schooner to supersede the Indian canoes then doing the carrying trade upon the Columbia and Willamette rivers. Cook employed Edwin W. and M. B. Otie and myself as the carpenters to construct the craft. We built her in a cove or recess of the rocks just in front of Frank Ermitinger's old house, near the upper end of Oregon City.

None of us had any knowledge of ship building, but by dint of perseverence we constructed a schooner of about 35 tons burthen. She was called the Calipooiah. Jack Warner did the "calking," paying and rigging. Warner was a young Scotchman with a good education, which he never turned to any practical account. He ran away from school in the "Land o' Cakes," and took to the sea, where he picked up a good deal of knowledge pertaining to the sailor's craft.

I recollect one day when Jack, with a kettle of hot pitch, and a long-handled swab, was pitching the hull of the Calipooiah, he was accosted by an "uncouth Missourian," who had evidently never seen anything of the kind before, with an inquiry as to his occupation. Jack responded in broad Scotch, "I am a landscape painter by profession, and am doing a wee bit of adornment for Capt. Cook's schooner."

In the month of August, 1844, we had launched and finished the Calipooiah, and went upon a pleasure excursion to the mouth of the Columbia. The crew and passengers consisted of Capt. Aaron Cook, Jack Werner, Jack Campbell, Rev. A. F. Waller and family, W. H. Gray and wife, A. E. Wilson, Robert Shortess, W. H. Raymond, E. W. Otie, M. B. Otie and J. W. Nesmith. There may have been others on board, if so, their names have escaped me. The after portion had a small cabin, which was given up for the accommodation of the ladies and children. Forward was a box filled with earth, upon which a fire was made for cooking purposes. We had our own blankets and slept upon the deck. The weather was delightful and we listlessly drifted down the Willam-

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ette and Columbia rivers, sometimes aided by the wind. Portland was then a solitude, like any other part of the forest-clad banks. There were then no revenue officers here under pretense of "protecting American industries," and no custom house boat boarded us.

In four days we reached Astoria, or Fort George, as the single old shanty upon the place—in charge of an old Scotchman—was then called. The river was full of fish and the shores abounded in game. We had our rifles along, and subsisted upon those delicacies. There were then numerous large Indian villages along the margin of the river, and the canoes of the natives were rarely out of sight. They often came on board to dispose of salmon. Their price was a bullet and a charge of powder for a fish.

The grand old river and its surroundings existed then in its natural state, as Lewis and Clarke found it forty years before. I believe that there was but one American settler's cabin upon the banks of the Columbia from its source to the ocean. That was on the south side of the river, near Cathlamet, and belonged to Henry Hunt and Ben Wood, who were building a sawmill at that point.

On an island near Cathlamet some of us went ashore to visit a large Indian village, where the natives lived in large and comparatively comfortable houses. They showed us some articles which they said were presented to them by Lewis and Clarke, among which was a faded cotton handkerchief and a small mirror, about two in. hes square, in a tin case. The corners of the case were worn off and the sides worn through by much handling. The Indians seemed to regard the articles with great veneration, and would not dispose of them to us for any price we were able to offer.

The only vessel we saw in the river was her Britanic Majesty's sloop-of-war Modeste, of 18 guns, under command of Capt. Thomas Bailie. We passed her in a long reach in the river, as she lay at anchor. We had a spanking breeze, and with all of our sails set and the American flag flying at our mast head, we proudly ran close under her broadside. A long line of officers and sailors looked down over the hammocks and from the quarter-deck at our unpainted and primitive craft, in apparently as much astonishment as though we were the Flying Dutchman or some other phantom ship come down from the moon to flaunt the stars and stripes upon the neutral waters of the Columbia.

At the time of which I speak we were a generation nearer the revolutionary war and the war of 1812 than we are now. Many of the survivors of both wars were then alive. Great Britain was the only country with which we had ever had any conflict of arms, and the generation to which we belonged, particularly in the west, had been taught to look upon the "Britishers" as natural enemies.

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Consequently we exulted not a little at showing the Modeste people our national colors. Happily time—aided by social and commercial intercourse—have done away with our ancient prejudices and hatreds, and it is to be hoped they will never be revived.

Arrived at Astoria we came to anchor—that is, if a huge bassaltic boulder, made fast to the end of a rawhide rope, can be called an anchor. In the afternoon Mr. Shortess, and myself walked down to the point below Astoria—now, I believe, calles Sharkes Point. The weather was calm and the sun shone brightly. While looking out across the bar I observed a white spot upon the horizon, and remarked to Shortess that it was a sail. He was unable to see it, and said it could not be one, as the annual ship of the Hudson Bay Company had arrived the previous June, and none other was expected until the next year. The longer we discussed the matter the more I became convinced that I was right. Shortess was a man who did not readily yield his convictions, and to settle the matter I climbed to the top of a tall fir tree, from which I could see the hull of the vessel making in for Clatsop point. I remained up in the tree watching the vessel and describing her course to Shortess, who insisted that she would run aground, as there was no channel so near the point. But she came safely in, and the light wind failing, she cast anchor about sundown.

The next morning we procured a canoe and boarded the vessel. We found her to be an old Belgian brig from Antwerp, and called the Indefatigable. Father P. J. De Smet, whom I had previously known, was on board, together with several Catholic Priests and Sisters. The brig was freighted with supplies for the Catholic mission in Oregon. There was not a person on board who had ever seen the mouth of the Columbia, and they had no chart on board. They had worked up to the latitude of the river, and with a flood tide and light breeze drifted in over the bar. Father De Smet attributed the successful entrance to "Divine pilotage." The profane, I suppose, would have called it the biggest sort of luck.

For several years Capt. Cook, with his Callipooia, did the principal part of the carrying trade upon the lower Columbia and Willamette rivers. In 1845 Robert Newell fitted up a couple of old beatteaux, and ran them from the head of the falls to Champoeg. One was called the Mogul and the other Ben Franklin. The following is the advertisement of the line, cut from the Oregon Spectator:

Passengers' Own Line—Mogul and B. Franklin.—We beg leave to tender our thanks to the public for the liberal support received during the last season, *particularly for the provisions* furnished by the passengers. The Mogul and Ben Franklin have just been slipped into the water, after a thorough gumming, and intend to ply regularly between Oregon

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City and Champoeg the present season. The boats will leave Champoeg on Mondays and Thursdays—from Oregon City on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season, passengers or no passengers. ☞As the proprietors intend, as they always have done, to keep the best boats on the waters above the falls, they hope to receive a share of public patronage. X. Y. Z. can have two passages free gratis for nothing. ☞The first Lieutenant will attend to all business in the absence of the Captain.

N. B.—A reasonable price will be paid for a quantity of good Gum.

Oct. 1, 1845—18tf.

This line of boats, propelled by wind and oars, did the carrying business upon both the rivers. The transportation by land around the falls at Oregon City was done by Medorum Crawford, who came to Oregon in 1842, and resided for a year or two in "old Yamhill" county, where, like many other of our distinguished men, he "got his start." In the spring of 1845 Crawford came to Oregon City with a pair of black oxen and an old emigrant wagon, the result of of his accumulations in Yamhill. He entered into some sort of combination with Cook and Newell to monopolize the transportation business of the country. Crawford, with his black oxen and old wagon, not only did all the transportation business between the two lines of boats around the falls, but was practically the hack and dray company of Oregon City.

This trio of monopolists, with their great wealth in boats, wagon and black oxen, held as firm a grasp upon the carrying trade of the country and the portage at the falls, as ever Leonidas and his Spartans did at that historic pass of Thermopylæ, and nothing like it was ever known in this country until later and wealthier companies, aided by the power of steamers, held all the passes upon both rivers.

There are men now in this audience who, in the days of their youth, looked with admiration and envy upon that wealthy trinity of capitalists. It seems to me that I can now see Crawford as he strode along what are now the streets of Oregon City, clad in moccasins and skin *sacollocks*, by the side of his black bovines, with his long buckskin revolver hanging over his shoulder to whack them up occasionally.

After two or three years enjoyment of this monopoly, Cook, Newell & Crawford had accumulated a fortune and retired. Their jointly acquired wealth must have amounted to $500 or $600 in trade. I say trade, because there was no money in the country. It consisted of beaver skins, buckskins, wheat, shingles, hooppoles, salt salmon and saw logs.

The Callipooiah, the Mogul and the Ben Franklin, with the black oxen and old emigrant wagon, has long since dissappeared, but they are still entitled to a place in our history as a medium by which our great internal commerce of today had its origin. Subsequently Capt. Charles Bennett built a keel boat that

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ran from the falls to Salem, and others built boats upon the lower rivers, all of which were displaced by the steamers of which Judge Strong gave you an account two years ago.

The change that we have witnessed in our commercial facilities are only indications of the revolutions that have taken place in all our other industries as well as in our social relations, dress and mode of living.

Until the latter part of the year 1848, when we began to receive returns from the California gold mines, there was no money in circulation in the country. During the first five years of my residence in Oregon, three Mexican dollars was all the money that I received or handled. The provincial government issued paper money in payment of its liabilities, which was a legal tender for all public dues. I hold in my hand a five dollar bill issued and paid to me on the 28th day of December, 1847, in part payment of my per diem as a member of the Legislature. It reads as follows:

$5.00. OREGON CITY, Dec. 28th, 1847.

OREGON TERRITORY

Promises to pay to the order of J. W. Nesmith, five dollars, with interest, at the rate of six per cent. per annum from date.

WM. K. KILBOURN, Treasurer.

No. 508. By N. SMITH, Deputy.

This bill belongs to the same family, and is a legitimate descendent of the old continental money and the French *assignet*, and has irredeemable qualities that would cause the heart of a radical greenback inflationist to leap for joy and sing eternal praises to fiat money. I have carried it around in my pocket for about a third of a century, or to be exact, 32 years, 5 months and 17 days, and have arrived at the painful conclusion that it has no redeemer living. You Mr. President, served in that Legislature with me, and know how poor the perquisites were. Indeed, the whole contents of our treasury were not sufficient to tempt the cupidity of a modern statesman, but those were days long before the "offices were organized."

I have made up my mind, Mr. President, to present to you this valuable public security, to be deposited in the secure archives of our society. The day will come when its principal and interest will amount to a sum sufficient to erect a monument to each and every member of our society—higher and more durable than that which crowns Bunker Hill and looks down upon the hub of the Universe—and it is my wish that the proceeds be devoted to that purpose. Mr. President, accept this magnificent donation and regard it as a sacred trust.

The business of the country was conducted entirely by barter. The Hudson Bay Company imported and sold many articles of prime necessity to those who

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were able to purchase. Wheat or beaver skins would buy anything the company had for sale. But poor, wayworn emigrants, just arriving in the country, were as destitute of wheat and beaver as they were of coin. The skins purchased by the company were annually shipped in their own vessels to London, while the wheat was shipped to the Russian possessions on the north, and to California, to fill a contract that the Hudson Bay Company had with the Russian Fur Company.

A small trade in lumber, salt salmon, shingles and hooppoles gradually grew up with the Sandwich Islands, and brought in return a limited supply of black and dirty sugar, in grass sacks, together with some salt and coffee.

There being no duties collected upon importations into Oregon previous to 1849, foreign goods were comparatively cheap, though the supply was always limited; nor had the people means to purchase beyond the pure necessities. Iron, steel, salt, sugar, coffee, tea, tobacco, powder and lead, and a little ready made clothing and some calico and domestics were the principal articles purchased by the settlers. The Hudson Bay Company, in their long intercourse with the Indians had, from prudential motives, adopted the plan in their trade of passing articles called for out through a hole in the wall or partition. Persons were not allowed inside among the goods to make selections, and the purchaser had to be content with what was passed out to him through the aperture. Thus, in buying a suit of clothes, there was often an odd medley of color and size. The garments were all gotten up on the most magnificent proportions in regard to size. The settlers used to say that Dr. McLaughlin, who was a very large man, had sent his measure to London, and all of the clothing was made to fit him. The hickory shirts we used to buy came down to our heels, and the wrist-bands protruded a foot beyond the hands; and as Sancho Panza said of sleep, "they covered one all over like a mantle." They were no such "cutty sark" affairs of "Paisley ham" as fuddled Tam O'Shanter saw when peeping in upon the dancing warlocks of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

A small-sized settler purchasing one, could, by a reasonable curtailment of the extremities, have sufficient material to clothe one of the children.

There was no importation of what is comprised in the term agricultural implements, beyond a few old-fashioned and illy constructed English scythes, sickles and augers, and the simpler indispensable tools used by a very primitive people. The grain was all cut with the cradle, or sickle, bound in bundles and tramped out in pens by horses or oxen, and winnowed by the breeze.

Plows, mouldboard and all, except the cutting portion, known as the share, were constructed of wood, while the harrow teeth were made of tough, seasoned

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white oak. Axes, chains and other tools of iron or steel consisted of the rough article as they came from the hammer of not very expert blacksmiths.

The pioneer home was a log cabin with a puncheon floor and mud chimney, all constructed without sawed lumber, glass or nails, the boards being secured upon the roof by heavy weight poles. Sugar, coffee, tea and even salt were not every day luxuries, and in many cabins were entirely unknown. Moccasins made of deer or elk skins and soled with rawhide made a substitute for shoes, and were worn by both sexes. Buckskin was the material from which the greater portion of the male attire was manufactured, while the cheapest kind of coarse cotton goods furnished the remainder. A white or boiled shirt was rarely seen, and was a sure indication of great wealth and aristocratic pretension. Meat was obtained in some quantities from the wild game of the forests or the wild fowl with which the country abounded at certain seasons, until such time as cattle or swine became sufficiently numerous to be slaughtered for food. The hides of both wild and domestic animals were utilized in many ways. Clothing, moccasins, saddles and their rigging, bridles, ropes, harness and other necessary articles were made from them. A pair of buckskin pants, moccasins, a hickory shirt and some sort of cheaply extemporized hat rendered a man comfortable as well as presentable in the best society, the whole outfit not costing one-tenth part of the essential gewgaws that some of our exquisite sons now sport at the ends of their watch-chains, on their shirt-fronts or dainty fingers. Buckskin clothing answered wonderfully well for rough and tumble wear, particularly in dry weather, but I have known them after exposure to a hard day's rain, to contract in a single night by a warm fire, a foot in longitude, and after being subjected to a web-foot winter or two, and a succeeding dry summer, they would assume grotesque and unfashionable shapes, generally leaving from six inches to a foot of nude and arid skin between the top of the moccasins and lower end of the breeches; the knee protruded in front, while the rear started off in the opposite directions, so that when the wearer stood up, the breeches were in a constant struggle to sit down, and *vice versa*.

The pioneers brought garden seeds with them, and much attention was paid to the production of vegetables, which, with milk, game and fish went a long way toward the support of the family. Reaping machines, threshers, headers, mowing machines, pleasure carriages, silks, satins, laces, kid gloves, plug hats, high-heeled boots, crinoline, bustles, false hair, hair dye, jewelry, patent medicines, railroad tickets, postage stamps, telegrams, pianos and organs, together with the thousand and one articles to purchase which the country is now drained of millions of dollars annually, were then unknown, and consequently not wanted. A higher civilation has introduced us to all these modern improvements,

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and apparently made them necessaries, together with the rum-mill, the jail, the insane asylum, the poor house, the penitentiary and the gallows.

Judge Burnett, of California, has recently written a book entitled, "Recollections of an Old Pioneer." In giving his experience of pioneer life in Oregon from 1843 to 1848, he says, "it was interesting to observe the influence of new circumstances upon human character. Among the men who came to Oregon the year I did, some were idle, worthless young men, too lazy to work at home and too genteel to steal, while some were gamblers and others reputed thieves. But when we arrived in Oregon, they were compelled to work or starve. It was a dire necessity. There were there no able relative or indulgent friend upon whom the idle could quarter themselves, and there was little or nothing for the rogues to steal. There was no ready way by which they could escape into another country, and they could not conceal themselves in Oregon."

"I never knew so fine a population, as a whole community, as I saw in Oregon most of the time I was there. They were all honest, because there was nothing to steal; they were all sober, because there was no liquor to drink; there were no misers, because there was nothing to hoard; they were all industrious, because it was work or starve." Whether our primitive condition of poverty and virtue, enforced by the absence of temptation and the means of gratifying vice, was preferable to what we now enjoy, I leave to others of a more enquiring turn of mind to determine.

Some misapprehension has, I conceive, existed relative to the self-sacrificing character of the early missionaries who came to Oregon. My own observation of them was principally confined to the Methodist missionary station at The Dalles, and those of the Willamette valley. They were not the sort of people who explore and develope the resources of a new country. They were hired and paid for their services by a wealthy society in the East, and sent here in comfortable ships. On their arrival they were provided with homes, food and clothing for themselves and families, and were exempt from the trials, privations and sufferings that fell to the lot of the poor immigrant, in his unaided struggle to support himself and family. Their ostensible object was to convert the Indian to Christianity, of which they made a lamentable failure. Large sums of money had been contributed by charitable people in the East for the bennefit of the Indians, and great quantities of clothing and other articles had been donated for the same purpose. The clothing and goods were sold to the natives and settlers, and the only benefits conferred upon the Indians were opportunities to obtain by barter and trade, what the generous donors had intended as a gratuity. Before leaving the East, I had read accounts in a New York missionary paper, of the most wonderful success of the

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Methodist missionaries in the conversion of the heathen in Oregon, and that at the Dalles of the Columbia, 1500 of them had been brought to a knowledge of Christ, baptized and received into the church militant in *two* days. The account concluded with an appeal for more *material aid*, and urged the young people to sell their jewelry and turn the proceeds into the treasury of the Lord, to aid his self-sacrificing servants in far away Oregon, to bring the benighted heathen to a knowledge of the gospel of salvation. After my arrival here, I was surprised to find but one Indian—old Stiecus, of Dr. Whitman's mission—who made any pretention to Christianity or practiced its precepts. In the neighborhood of the Mission we found the most abandoned Indians and worthless characters that we had anywhere met in our travels. It was not entirely, perhaps, the fault of the missionaries themselves, that their evangelical labors were not crowned with success, as there seems to be inherent difficulties in the inculcation of the abstract doctrines of Christianity in the minds of the untutored children of Nature.

On one occasion I attended service conducted by a missionary for the benefit of the Indians at the Willamette Falls. The old chiefs, Yalocus and Wansamus, with Slacom, and other head men of their tribe, and about 300 of their people, were present. The sermon was preached in Chinook jargon, and consisted in an effort on the part of the preacher to unfold to his benighted, filthy and half naked audience, the mysteries of the plan of salvation. The poverty of the language did not admit of any elaborated presentation of abstract ideas or principles; the preacher dwelt strongly upon the efficacy of prayer, and illustrated its benefits by pointing out the superior physical comforts enjoyed by the white people over the savages, in habitation, food and clothing; and told them that they might enjoy similar benefits by its practice. He then interrogated them as to whether they were willing to ask for, and receive the inestimable benefits to be derived from prayerful supplication to the Deity. Old Wanasmus responded in behalf of his people: "*Nowitka, six; mica potlach passissie, sakallux, sapalell, ittilwilla, cayuse, hyu close itca copa konniway nica tillicum. Yaka koniway kwaniisum wawa copa sohala tyee.*" Which, translated to English, was substantially, "Yes, my friend, if you will give us plenty of blankets, pantaloons, flour and meat, and tobacco, and lots of other good things, we will pray to God all the time, and always." I went away impressed with the opinion that it was a difficult task to convince a people of the neccssity of making any provision for the next world, while they were too lazy and indifferent to provide for the commonest wants of the present. It seemed an impossibility to make them comprehend the advent of original sin into the world; and that they were liable to future punishment for Adamic transgression, while the question of vicarious atonement could not be brought within the grasp of their

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limited understanding. Indeed, I thought it a difficult matter for a man to be a Christian until he had, by his own honest toil and industry, provided himself with a hat, a shirt, a pair of pantaloons and ammunition for his stomach, with a comfortable place to sleep. In my humble judgment, the Methodist missionaries in Oregon, and perhaps elsewhere, have made the common mistake of attempting to propagate emotional religion, and impress upon the untutored mind of the ignorant savages, the mysteries of the plan of salvation and the recondite principles of theology, about which the most intelligent white people differ so much in opinion among themselves, until they have first taught them to provide for their physical comfort by their labor. The missionary labors of Cortez and Pizaro, at an earlier period, were conducted by Castilian cavalry, mounted upon Audalusian steeds, and the truths of the gospel were thrust home at the points of the sabre and the lance. Barring the cruelty of Cortez and Pizaro's plan, it was as rational as that adopted by the Methodist Missionaries. Neither brute force nor the utterance of uncomprehended theories, are likely to convey to the untutored mind, intelligent conviction upon abstract questions. It is my opinion that the Methodist missionaries conferred no benefit upon the natives. They were, however, of some advantage to the early pioneers in forming a nucleus for settlement and trade by which both parties were benefited. But the cause of Zion did not occupy their undivided attention, considerable of which was devoted to the acquisition of things that perish. Each missionary claimed 640 acres of land individually, besides thirty-six sections claimed and held by the church. This claim of a principality outside of their regular donation claims, caused about the first litigation in Oregon between the Mission and Chas. E. Pickett, who, in 1845, located upon vacant land near the mouth of the Clackamas, and the Mission brought suit to oust him, in which, aided by all the lawyers in Oregon, they were unsuccessful. When the Rev. Mr. Gary came here in 1844 to wind up the business of the Missions, a large amount of property was offered for sale, and there were persons among the settlers who had some means, and desired to make small purchases of horses, cattle and other property, but they were prohibited from entering into competition. The church formed a close corporation, and none but its members were permitted to bid upon property ostensibly offered at public sale. The property was sold on a long credit, and the grasping avarice of some of the purchasers caused amusement to the outsider, who looked upon the whole thing as a kind of "division of raiment." I do not desire to be understood as asserting that the individual missionaries were any better or any worse than the rest of us. Among them were good and bad men, some of whom manifested more interest in the accumulation of the dross of this world, than they did in the cause of Zion, and the work of the Lord was not prospered among the heathen. The last lingering benefits

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conferred by the Methodist missionaries in Oregon, are now being felt by many poor people at the Dalles, whom the society, in its attempt to rob old pioneers of their homes, have involved in expensive and vexatious law suits, in their attempts to acquire that to which they never had a shadow of legal title, and for which, in their grasping avarice, the society took, and received from the tax-payers of the nation, twenty thousand dollars, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty.

Dr. Marcus Whitman, in charge of the Mission at Wailatpu, in the Walla Walla valley, was not a regular clergyman, though he sometimes preached. He traveled with the immigration of 1843, from the Missouri frontier, to near the Snake river. I regarded him as a quiet, unassuming man, and of great purity of character. He was of a powerful physical organization, and possessed a great and good heart, full of charity and courage, and utterly destitute of cant, hypocrisy, shams and effeminacy, and always terribly in earnest. While with us he was clad entirely in buckskin, and rode upon one of those patient, long-eared animals said to be "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity." The Doctor spent much of his time in hunting out the best route for the wagons, and would plunge into streams in search of practical fords, regardless of the depth or temperature of the water, and sometimes after the fatigue of a hard day's march, would spend much of the night in going from one party to another to minister to the sick. While his moral example was of the highest character, he said more to us about the practical matters connected with our march than he did about theology or religious creeds, and I believe that his conduct among the Indians was of the same practical and useful character; and that he was impressed with the neeessity of teaching them habits of industry and economy, as the surest road to civilization and happiness.

The ungrateful wretches for whose benefit Dr. Whitman spent long years of arduous toil, and suffered great privations, rewarded him with cold-blooded murder and mutilation. He fell in the very act of bestowing merciful charity to his assailants. One Indian was in front of him, attracting his attention by receiving medicine for his sick children, while a confederate, stealthily approaching him from the rear, sent a tomahawk crashing through his brain. It has, as I think, been cruelly charged that the Roman Catholic missionaries instigated and procured the murder of Dr. Whitman and wife, together with the party of immigrants staying at his place. I have too much charity for human nature to believe that one set of civilized and educated men, in the middle of the nineteenth century, devoting their lives to the benefit of their fellow-men, to say nothing of the restraints supposed to be imposed by the Christian religion, could be so far lost to all sense of right, justice and mercy as to cause the cruel murder of other men

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engaged in the same humane and charitable cause. If my charity for human nature has led me to a wrong conclusion in this matter, it may, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that religious zeal has not controlled my opinions. I know that Dr. Whitman had cause to dread the vengeance of the Indians long before it overtook him. I heard him, in the spring of 1845, express his apprehension on that subject to Dr. McLaughlin, at Oregon City, and the latter agreed with him upon the danger of his situation, and advised him to come to the Willamette valley. The relations that Dr. McLaughlin bore toward the Catholic missionaries and the Indians, rendered it next to impossible that the Whitman murder could have been concocted between the Catholic priests and the Indians, without his knowledge; and all the world could not make me believe that every impulse of the heart of that great and good man would not revolt at the bare mention of such an atrocity.

Mr. President, I turn from the brief mention of the most ruthless and cruel scence of slaughter that has ever cast its dark shadow over our own fair land, to the contemplation of more pleasant subjects.

We have with us to-day, the person whom, I think, is the oldest living pioneer in Oregon. The man who made moccasin tracks within the boundaries of Oregon before any other man now alive. I refer to GEORGE WARD EBBERT. He was born in Augusta, Bracken county, Kentucky, in 1810. In 1829 he went to St. Louis, Missouri, and in March of that year went to the Rocky Mountains, in the service of Smith, Sublett and Jackson, Indian traders. The traders and trappers that year had their rendezvous at Piers Hole. Jedediah Smith, one of the partners, had, two years previous, conducted a party of trappers south into the "Spanish country," as the Mexican settlements were then called, and failed to meet his partners at the rendezvous, as had been agreed upon, and Fitzpatrick was sent out to hunt Smith and his missing party. Smith, in his wanderings, had visited the bay of San Francisco, and ascended the Sacramento river, but finding no opening to cross the mountains going east, they bent their course to the coast, which they reached at the mouth of Rogue river, and proceeded along the beach to the Umpqua, where the Indians stole their ax—the only one they had, and which was indispensable to them in making rafts to cross the stream. They took the chief prisoner, and the ax was returned. Early the following morning, Smith started in a canoe, with two of his men and one Indian, but during his absence the party became careless, and contrary to Smith's orders, permitted a large number of Indians to come into camp. At a yell, five or six Indians fell upon each white man, with war clubs and knives. At the moment of attack, one of the men—Black—was out of the crowd, and had just finished cleaning and loading his rifle, when three Indians jumped on him, but he shook them off, and seeing all his comrades struggling

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on the ground, and the Indians beating and stabbing them, he fired his rifle into the crowd, and rushed to the woods pursued by the Indians, but fortunately escaped. He swam across the Umpqua and made his way northward, where, reduced to great distress by hunger and exposure, he gave himself up to the Tillamooks, near Cape Lookout. The Indians conducted Black to Vancouver, where he arrived in August, 1828, and supposed himself to be the only survivor of Smith's party of eighteen men.

Dr. McLaughlin rewarded the Indians munificently for bringing Black in. Subsequently Smith, John Turner and the other man, name unknown, who had been absent from the camp, at the time of the attack, reached Vancouver. The remainder of the party were murdered. Dr. McLaughlin sent out an armed party of forty men, and recovered $3200 worth of Smith's beaver skins, and turned them over to him free of charge. Smith, Black and Turner, with the other survivors of the massacre, started up the Columbia, and Fitzpatrick—who as formerly stated—had been sent to hunt them, found them on Lewises Fork and conducted them to the rendezvous at Piers Hole in 1827. In 1836, Ebbert was sent by Thos. McKay and Capt. Thing, the partners in the Indian trade, with an express from Fort Hall to Dr. McLaughlin, at Fort Vancouver. Ebbert went alone, and near the Salmon falls the Indians captured him and robbed him of his two horses, gun, blankets, flint and steel; they gave him an old fuzee, piece of blanket, and a miserable skeleton of a pony. On reaching the Grand Ronde, Ebbert found the Blue mountains covered with snow; he killed the old crowbait of a horse and made a pair of snowshoes of the hide, upon which he crossed the mountains, carrying enough of the old horse's remains to keep him alive. He struck a band of Cayuse Indians upon the Umatilla river, who conducted him to old Fort Walla Walla—now called Wallula—then in charge of Mr. Pembrin, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, who sent him in a canoe to Fort Vancouver, where he delivered his letter to Dr. McLaughlin, and the next morning started back to Fort Hall. From this narative you will observe that our friend Ebbert was within 12 miles of the spot where we now stand in the year 1836—44 years ago. Ebbert followed the nomadic life of a trapper until 1839, when he came to the Willamette valley, and took up a claim near Champoeg, and the next year settled upon his present farm in Tualatin plains, where he has since resided, and has maintained the reputation of a good citizen and an honest man. The first square meal that I ever ate west of the Willamette river, was at his humble but hospitable cabin, thirty-seven years ago. In 1848 Ebbert accompanied Joseph L. Meek in carrying an express in the dead of winter from Walla Walla to Washington City, asking government aid in the Cayuse war. He was absent more than a year, and paid his own expenses, for which he never received any compensation. Of the companions of

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Ebbert prior to 1840, there are now but few ailve. Among them I can recall the names of Courtney M. Walker, of Tillamook county, Capt. Jos. Gale, of Union county, George Gay, of Yamhill county, Caleb Wilkins, of Washington county, Dick McCary and Osborn Russell, now I believe in Californin.

There may be other survivors of those who were his early comrades, and I shall be sorry if I have failed to mention them. Among those who are dead, are the names of Newell, Hubbard, Larrison, Doty, Meek, Turner, Craig, Thompson and others. I knew them all well, and never knew a braver, more honest, patriotic set of men. They were the Daniel Boones of the western coast, and gave no trouble to the criminal court, the poor house or the penitentiary. Half a century ago the trapping of beavers was as fascinating and nearly as remunerative as the digging of gold has since become; and attracted a class of brave, adventurous young men, who stuck to the pursuit as long as the skin of the animal was valuable. The great demand for the skin of the beaver was for the purpose of making men's hats and ladies' bonnets.

In old books we often find the hat or the bonnet spoken of as the "beaver," and the terms are synonymous. The demand for the valuable fur may to some extent have resulted from the demands of fashion, which has at all times exercised a powerful influence upon human affairs. One of the ostensible objects for which Charles II, in 1670 granted the charter to the Hudson Bay Company, was to obtain the skins of those innocent and sagacious little animals. Princes, Dukes and Earls formed the company, and it is probable that royalty itself shared in the profits. Under the monopoly, thousands of men, with a simulated military organization, with headquarters in London, were scattered over North America in quest of the beaver. Battles were fought, treaties negotiated, ships navigated over distant and dangerous oceans; great and small expeditions, involving terrible expense and hardship, pursued the animal to strip him of his fine and glossy fur, until the word "Beaver," became with those engaged in the pusuit, a sort of shibboleth; and the first steamer navigating the North Pacific and the lower Columbia was called the Beaver. The agent of the Hudson Bay Co., perhaps impressed with the idea that the pursuits of this world would in some way be connected with their occupations in the next, ransacked England in quest of a chaplain whose name was Beaver; he was caught, and the Rev. Herbert Beaver was shipped out to Fort Vancouver on the steamer Beaver to administer to the spiritual wants of those engaged in catching and skinning his namesake. An official report made to Congress by the Hon. Mr. Pendleton, in 1841, shows that in the year 1840, eighteen thousand beavers were caught by the Hudson Bay Company within that comparatively small district of country between the Columbia river and the northern line of California. Thus the little, harmless, amphibious quadruped, that by using its teeth as a hatchet and its

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tail as a shovel in damming up the mountain rivulets that have created the rich onion beds of Washington county ; built forts and navies, supported armies, elevated men to the honors of the Brittish peerage and to knighthood, and paid for the consolations of religion.

But such hats and bonnets as were made from his fur, we shall never see or wear again ; they were soft, elastic and glossy, and shed water like the back of a duck ; being so durable that a man or woman required but one to last a lifetime ; and they often descended in the line of their usefulness from one generation to another. But the time came when the inventive genius of the Yankee found out a light, cheap, glossy, ephemerial substitute in brown paper and silk out of which to manufacture plug hats, a half dozen of which are sometimes used up by a modern exquisite in a single season. The comfortable and durable, honest old beaver hat has given way to the modern shams ; and the price of beaver skins have fallen to nearly nothing, and the trappers occupation is gone. I have often heard the old trapper around the campfire tell how they had caught from five to ten beavers in a single night, the skins of which were as good as gold at $5 dollars each. About twenty-five years ago, a friend of mine returning to New York, took with him some beaver skins to have a hat made ; but in that great cosmopolitan city not a man could be found who could make a beaver hat, so completely had silk supplanted the beaver that the construction of a beaver hat was among the lost arts. It is to be hoped that the march of modern improvements has not tended to deteriorate the brain to the extent that it has its covering.

At the commencement of this address I promised I should be discursive, and I think I have rambled about sufficiently to redeem that pledge ; the subject has grown upon my hands until I feel that, while I have left much unsaid, I have already detained you too long.

I have in my possession a copy of a paper found among the manuscripts left by Dr. McLaughlin. It was kindly furnished and presented to me by his descendants. I had intended reading it to you as a part of my address, but having already trespassed too long upon your patience I shall hand the document to the Secretary of the Society, with my endorsement of the truth of all its statements that came within my own knowledge. I believe it to be the most valuable contribution to our archives that we have ever received from any quarter ; and I desire to say, what I believe all old pioneers will agree to, that the statements of this paper furnish a thorough and complete vindication of Dr. McLaughlin's acts and conduct, and that the integrity of his narratives cannot be impeached by any honest testimony.

Mr. President and Pioneers, this, in all probability, being the last time I shall

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be called upon to address you, the occasion is one that calls up some emotions of the heart. For more than a third of a century we have been associated together as neighbors and friends, sometimes in prosperity and often in adversity. Some of us made the long, dreary voyage across the plains and Rocky mountains together, destined to what was then an unknown land, and shared in dangers, toil and privations unknown to our descendants. Together, we have contributed our share to the building up of a great and prosperous State, and it would be strange if men thus associated had not formed kindly attachments, which death alone can sever.

To-day as we look along our ranks we are sadly reminded of the number of good fellows who have fallen out and left their places vacant around our camp fire. They have listened for the last time to the war whoop of the hostile savage, and will never again respond to the call of the bugle. They will never again saddle up or mount guard to protect the encampment of helpless women and children ; their mission is ended, and their rusty rifle, with powder horns, shot pouches and bullet moulds hang unused upon the walls as sad mementoes. Among those who have gone, permit me to refer to the pioneer who, seven years ago, delivered the first address to this Society. I refer to Geo. L. Curry. I made his acquaintance on the day of his arrival at Oregon City in 1846, and our friendly relations continued to the day of his death. He was a high minded honorable, truthful gentleman, and he left the impress of his name upon the archives of our State.

I cannot close this address with a more fitting peroration than by reciting what he said to you in closing his address at our first re-union on the 11th day of November, 1873. In speaking to and of the pioneers, he said :

"No doubt a high regard will be cherished for them when they shall have passed away, to live again in the grateful stories of the thrilling incidents of frontier and wilderness life. Few deeds will be found within the period of that pioneer rule which any one will care to have disclaimed, or which will cause the least reproach. The Oregon pioneers were a class of men possessing the superior virtues which make a superior manhood. Already they have been distinguished by the highest honors—in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar, as Governors, as Congressmen, as Senators. They did their work unostentatiously, but did it well, in leaving a broad and substantial foundation, at least for the more complete and perfect work of those who were to come after them."

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OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

THE PIONEERS OF 1848.

BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The year which we celebrate marks a fruitful period for the Pacific northwest. 1848 was the turning point in our history. Alternate hopes and fears had moved the people up to this date. There had been no recognition by Congress. Laws had been enacted and executed by the pioneers. Society had begun to organize in a few centers, and public sentiment was respected; but our nation had not recognized this small band of American citizens on her extreme frontier along the Pacific ocean until 1848. The earlier pioneers—the hunters and trappers, the missionaries and their wives, and the immigrant families of the settlers had found the path and opened the way hither, and offered a safe and welcome home to all new comers. Great was their task and nobly they completed it.

They had organized the provisional government in 1842-4, on the American plan of equal rights and equal justice to every citizen, and had included all as citizens who were so held under State and national laws. They had ventured the experiment of self-government as a duty of self-protection, and not in disrespect or defiance of Congress or the Constitution. Having marched two thousand miles westward over the famed "American desert," and over three mountain ranges, and still standing on American soil, they wished no divorce from the home government, but rather, a stronger union with it. The fires of patriotism burned more, not less, brightly within them under the force of their long and painful tramp to plant and defend the "flag of our nation" on this Pacific frontier.

SPECIAL ENCOURAGEMENTS RESPECTING SETTLEMENTS.

The boundary of Oregon—54 years in dispute—had been fixed (June 15, 1846) by final treaty with Great Britain, within the latitudes 42 deg. and 49 deg.

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north and the crest of the Rocky mountains on the east and the Pacific ocean on the west. Adherents of the British crown, viz: many officers and employes of the Hudson Bay Company, whose policy for 34 years had been adverse to the settlement of Oregon by Americans, had begun to retire slowly, one by one, and family by family, from the American domain—won by the heroic pioneer immigrations—to the British domain across our northern line. We were in 1848 left sole owners, and almost sole occupants of this extreme western possession of the United States.

THE COST.

What courage and energy, hunger and thirst, toil and patience, it cost to win this Pacific northwest have been put on record in previous addresses, mostly before this Society, during its past seven annual meetings. But the deeper and stronger lines of this record are still upon the memories and hearts of the living men, women and children who made that dreaded journey over the plains or over the sea. We know the names of many of the men. We have omitted names of the pioneer women and children. We have perhaps lost beyond recall many of the names of those brave women, wives and mothers and sisters, who had the most to suffer and the most to lose on that 2,000 miles tramp. They had the least to win by it. They had the least power for the march or for defence by the way. They were the most exposed and the most helpless. A broken and distressed family in 1844 is an example. A gentleman who came in the immigration of 1844, and also in that of 1848, relates that the Captain ordered a halt at the Platte river to get a supply of buffalo meat. Some opposed the delay. But said Mr. Sager, an emigrant, with a wife and family of children, "I must stop; I have no meat." His wife, pale and sad, cared for the children. He hunted the buffalo on foot, having no horse; became heated and worn out, and soon was taken with typhoid fever, died, and was buried on Green river. His widow went on awhile, but sank under the burden of care and of traveling, died and was buried on the Snake river. Others took the children on over the Blue mountains to Dr. Whitman's, that welcome resting and refreshing place for the immigrations and asylum for those in distress and home for orphans. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman took all those children into their family and cared for them as parents until they and part of the children were killed by the Indians November 29, 1847. "Why," I asked, "did Mr. Sager start with such small supply of food?" The reply was, "He, like some others, seemed to have no idea how far it was to Oregon, or how hard the way." What improvidence this, to expose a helpless family to starve on the plains. Yet, were the truth known, many would have been found with little money and little food. Who could have blamed a wife for refusing, as some did, to start

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on this unknown journey? Who would fail to honor those who had the courage and patient endurance for its long and tiresome march?

ONE BRAVE WOMAN'S EXAMPLE.

There were women on this yearly exodus, who knew no fear, and, who quailed not when attacked by savages. The McAllister family had reached the DeChutes river. The husband had foarded the river with part of their effects. While absent, three Indians attacked Mrs. McAllister and tried to steal their remnant of food. She seized an ax, knocked down their leader and drove them all from the camp. The quiet heroism of woman never shone brighter than that of the first two in 1836, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, the latter a frail, consumptive lady who had to be borne in a wagon 1500 miles, and who were the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains. When J. Meek saw them at the rendezvous, he said, "Those are immigrants whom the H. H. Bay Co. cannot send out of Oregon." Hardly less heroic was the long horseback ride of Mrs. C. Eells, Mrs. E. Walker, Mrs. W. H. Gray and Mrs. A. B. Smith, in 1838, from the Missouri to the Columbia. The two latter, who survive and honor us with their presence, know what women had then to endure, who come with their husbands to establish the Christian family among the Indian tribes.

How true hearted were those hundreds of wives and mothers who left the comforts of home in the west and risked all things to share the perils of the way with their husbands in the emigrations of 1843, which saved Oregon. How grandly their spirit rose above trials and losses and sickness and death. When men were stricken how bravely they drove on the teams, prepared the meals, and cared for the little ones. Hard and slow was the trip in 1844. Food failed. Strong men were starving. Cattle were dying. The danger was of snow in the Blue mountains. A winter in the Indian country without provisions or defense or shelter. Some fathers went ahead with only a gun in hand for game, and a biscuit or two in pocket, in hope of finding supplies and return for families. What a test of woman's courage was this, to be left behind with the children, the broken team and small food supply! But they did not shrink from the burden.

The immigration of 1847 was stricken with sickness. Many died and were buried by the way. Mothers kissed their children for the last time far out on the plains, and among the mountains, and there they lie in unmarked graves. Husbands and fathers lost their lives in the struggles with disease and the hardships of the way, and committed wives and children to stranger's care. Then many a woman rose up to do the work of man and bear the weight of the

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whole family. That was the year of the great massacre in which Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, and many others fell, sending dismay among the settlers. Women then stood strong and nerved men to make defence and avenge the crime!

The immigration of 1848 found an easier way and made a shorter and safer journey. But as their long trains of wagons rolled over the Cascade mountains the tired look of women was the most noticeable feature. Men can bear dust, and heat and thirst, but how hard it is for women and little children to do it, cramped up in a low top wagon for months, or traveling on in the dust and grime all summer.

Our duty to the pioneer women of Oregon is at least to enroll the full name of every one on our list, and to begin now. Her deeds have been in silence! Her toil has never ceased! Her love and faith has never failed! Man owes to her his strength. She fired his courage, nursed his patience, cheered his hopes. If he won a crown, as the founder of new States, she wove the golden chaplet, which of right wreathes her own brow. Give respect, confidence and esteem to the pioneer women of Oregon from first to last. Write every name on your roll under its proper year. Hang them upon your walls, beside those of honored men!

Between them write the name of every son and daughter who came with them over the plains in dust and heat and thirst, in fear of storms and in greater fear of the Indian foe. Write the names of the pioneer born children of Oregon, whose first ideals of home were the log house, the rough bench, the mud chimney, the trails in the woods, the huge black stumps, the rude implements, the tin plates and tin cups, the scant clothing and the few worn books. Let the full records be kept of what was early done and of what was borne to found American States on the Pacific coast.

THE HUNGER AND ITS DEMANDS.

It was a common saying that the immigrants, after they arrived, could not easily satisfy their hunger. They craved vegetables, and ate not only carrots and turnips raw, but potatoes also. I saw a young girl in 1848 pealing potatoes to boil, and eating them raw as we do apples. She had just come over the plains and could not wait for the potatoes to boil. Mountain air and the long tramp with meager diet had toned up worn out stomachs to relish and digest coarse, natural food and do the cooking all within. A gentleman who came in 1844 and returned in 1847, and came again in 1848, tells this story of eating. Their company had reached the Blue mountains in October, 1844.

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Many were hard pushed for daily food and had to live on less than half rations. He with another man started on, trusting to their guns to find food. In twenty-four hours they found no game and had no bread. They waded through the snow on the mountains all day and late into the night without food. He shot twelve prairie chickens the next morning, and finding an Indian camp he traded an extra woolen shirt for a peck of potatoes. He borrowed a kettle, put in water, picked and dressed the twelve chickens, and put them all in for a stew. As the savory odor rose, one man drew out biscuits and a slice of ham, hidden in his pocket for a last resort, and put it in the stew. In a few minutes the other did the same, saying, "this will help to season it." The three sat down for a meal and did not rise until the entire contents of the pot were eaten." They thus had strength to go on to Dr. Whitman's. In those early days women did a great amount of cooking with few utensils. He saw a Mrs. Scott cook for sixteen men, having only one frying pan in which to make and bake all the bread and fry all the meat, and one tin bucket in which to boil or bake the beans and make the tea.

MOTIVES OF THE JOURNEY TO OREGON.

Why did trains of emigrants annually leave the Missouri border for this region? The fur traders and their employes came for that business alone. The missionaries came to preach the gospel to the Indians in obedience to the last command of the risen Saviour. Young men came for unknown adventure. Men in debt came with hope of better fortunes. Many sick and worn with the malarial fevers of the Mississippi valleys, came for health. Larger numbers, who could not raise funds and pay for land, even at $1 25 per acre, after the crash of 1837, and the wildcat bank schemes, which flooded Michigan and other State with worthless paper, had heard of Dr. Linn's bill in the Senate, proposing to give every family who would settle in Oregon, a mile square of land, one-half to the wife and one-half to the husband, in fee simple to each. This was a strong motive to a landless and penniless family on the Missouri or Iowa border. Three hundred and twenty acres free was cheaply got by a four or five months journey, so young men thought. It was sooner earned than it could be on the farm at $8 or $10 per month, as wages then rated. Some were tired of slavery and wished a home in a State forever free from it; others hoped for more success in newer fields of politics; others came for business and profit. Home missions, churches, schools, whatever would benefit community—temperance, virtue; the industrial, mental, moral and religious training of the young, and the establishment of society upon sound principles by means of institutions of religion and learning—these motive drew others hither. But above and beyond them all a mightier force stirred these people to cross the continent.

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As the Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Huguenot, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Swiss, German, Dane, Norwegian, Swedes and Fins, crossed the ocean to the New World, so our pioneer population have an inborn passion to move to the new western regions. "Westward the star of empire takes its way" is the poetry of sentiment and the prose of action.

THE ALARM.

The immigration of 1848, were met by Col. J. Meek, messenger to Washington, with the startling news of the massacre of Dr. Whitman and family, and the war begun by the settlers to punish the Indians. This alarm was quieted by the cooler reports of Squire Ebberts, Meek's companion. After that their journey was more quickly and comfortably made than that of previous companies. One hundred and sixty wagons, with an estimated number of 800 persons rolled into Oregon in early autumn. The immigration of 1848 had friends in Oregon providing for their safe journey. The soldiers from this valley who had enlisted in the Cayuse war went out on the road to clear the way of danger from Indians. All their families came in unharmed and found quiet homes in the country, or hurried off to the newly found gold fields of California. We may call 1848 the year of peace and its pursuits. New farms were opened on the prairies and the fields of grain and vegetables in early summer in a few chosen spots, on both sides of the Willamette for 100 miles southward, gave promise of an abundant harvest. A settler of 1847 was asked for a night's lodging on a July evening in 1848, by an immigrant of that year, who had come by sea "the Horn around," not "the plains across." The welcome was heartily given. The next morning after the frugal meal of bread, bacon and coffee, served in tinware, the host said, "Come out and see my garden truck. I've got a right smart chance of potatoes, cabbage, peas and wheat." Truly it was so, only eight months in Oregon—house up, crops in and well on to maturity, fields fenced and all the signs of plenty. That farm was a type of others, and a sign of what any man or family could do. Thirty-two years have passed without failure of harvest on that farm, or any other in our State, or under these genial and healthful skies.

GOLD MINES OF 1848.

The Mexican war was closed; the treaty of peace was signed; California was ceded to the United States and the gold mines were discovered within the year 1848. Events so important opened a new era for our coast and our immigrations. Oregon was cast into the shade by the brilliant prospects of California. But deep and solid foundations were laid for the growth of this State. The mines diverted the pioneers. The news aroused them as the storm raises the

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waves of the sea. They yoked their teams and started over the hitherto impassible mountains. Guides failed them, yet they pushed on, cut their way through, found and dug the gold and returned to invest it. New houses were built, new farms opened, new mills built and new signs of prosperity appeared. Evidence of permanence.

After the discovery of gold and rush to the mines, an officer of the H. B. Co. remarked to me: "This gold will prove a curse. This country will become like Peru and Chili. Americans will go down like the Mexicans and Spaniards." My only reply was, that "American character will rise above all such evils, and win the victory over all foes."

The provisional government had won respect, Congress had ratified its chief provisions in the organic act of August 14, 1848, by which a territorial government was established over us. That very day that the news of the discovery of gold in California was brought to us by the little schooner that came for supplies, marks the formal admission of Oregon by Congress to territorial rights and to representation in Congress.

No higher tribute could have been paid to the fitness of Americans for the duties of self government than the act of Congress of August 14, 1848, which ratified all the esential laws and acts of the Oregon provisional government, which had been made and executed by the pioneer settlers for more than four years. It was the judgment of the whole nation, expressed by her representatives, that Americans can be trusted to plant the standard of freedom on any spot, and welcome under its flag all friends of human rights. The Fourth of July celebration in 1848, at Oregon City, was a hearty pledge of fellowship with all citizens of this great republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A second proof of the dawning era of permanent growth and prosperity was the actual grant of 640 acres of land to every family, on proof of four years' residence thereon, and confirming every claim so taken and held under the provisional government. This national act honored the forecast of Dr. Linn, who had proposed it years before, and confirmed the faith of the pioneer settlers. It set the tide of immigration more strongly toward this coast. It began to fill the gold regions and agricultural and lumber regions, with a thrifty, business and industrious population. The great Pacific Steamship Company organized and sent around Cape Horne its pioneer coal ships and steamers in 1848. The transport of mails passed from private hands to the government, and the time was reduced from 18 months to 2 months for answers to letters. Goods and passengers were hurried along from New Orleans and New York in the same very short dispatch of two months.

While the men of business were laying out and executing large plans for the

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Pacific Coast, Gen. Lane, the newly appointed Governor of Oregon, was sent in haste in 1848, over the southern route, via New Mexico and Arizona, with a small military escort. Meanwhile Col. Loring, with a regiment of U. S. soldiers, was ordered in 1848 to Oregon, and was preparing for the trip. The civil officers were also in 1848 appointed by President Polk and ordered hither to aid in establishing the territorial government and the courts.

Thus, in 1848, under the strong hand of the whole nation, the machinery of legislation and of the execution of law, was made ready to be set up among us, and Oregon thus rose from the weakness of a humble colony of adventurers to the rank and power of a co-ordinate member of the American Union. Thereafter no hand was lifted against her; no voice whispered dispraise, no scornful look frowned upon the flag. The stars and stripes were then lifted up here, never more to be lowered. The old pioneers, who had long waited and hoped for this event, now breathed freely. They were no longer counted exiles on a doubtful domain, but rightful fellow heirs and owners of the country. A third sign of permanence was the government aid to public schools. The provision for public education by the act of Congress of August 14, 1848, which granted the 16th and 36th sections in every township, and forever dedicated their proceeds as an irreducible fund, the interest of which should be devoted to public schools, was a grant twice as large as that dedicating the 16th section and framed in the ordinance of 1787, together with "the clause prohibiting slavery in the northwestern territory," by Hon. Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts. This act, Daniel Webster said, was worthy of highest honor, as it would have imperishable fame. That grant gave to the territory now included in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and part of Montana, about 16,888 square miles of land for public schools, which are equal to 10,803,320 acres. It became the precedent for Congress to make like proportionate grants to every territory and State thereafter, to be formed out of the national domain.

It opened the way for the grant of 28,823,040 acres of land, as a permanent fund for public education, instead of half that amount, in the nine States, including Oregon, admitted to the Union since 1848. It opened the way for the grant of 30,879,360 acres for public education in the eight Territories—not including Alaska—yet to be admitted, instead of half as many acres as per the ordinance of 1787. This magnificent donation of about 60,000,000 acres vested and forever inalienable as a fund for the education of the youth and committed as a sacred trust to eighteen or twenty new States, now existing or yet to be, was a guarantee of knowledge to all future generations. It was a noble act in 1848 of an Oregon pioneer, Hon. J. Q. Thornton, sent as messenger to Washington, to insert this double gift in the bill to organize the Territory. He pre-

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pared the bill by request of Senator Benton and others friendly to the organization. It put the great seal of public education upon our State and other States with stronger and broader impress. In the year 1848 the foundations of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University were laid at Forest Grove. Rev. Harvey Clarke, a pioneer missionary of 1840, having donated 200 acres of his claim to the object, and Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Tabitha Brown, an aged pioneer widow lady of the immigration of 1846, having also transferred an orphan school, which they had established in 1847, to its care. The founding of this college was the plan of Rev. Tueson Baldwin, D. D., secretary of the American Colonization Society in 1847, and under the endorsement of that society it has secured aid and endorsements since 1852. Its pupils and its alumni and alumnæ fill useful, honorable positions in more than a thousand homes as citizens; also in the schools, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the offices, in the halls of legislation, and now upon the bench of our own and of other States. Its early planting caused many other academies and colleges to begin, and some to grow into strength. A fourth point of permanence was Liberty verses Slavery, established for Oregon in 1848. Slavery was thrust as a question into every new Territory. Slaves were brought and held as such in Oregon, but the spirit of the system was exorcised from the pioneers. The poise turned for freedom in their Provisional Government. A clause prohibiting slavery was inserted as the expressed will of the Oregon people in the organic act, by the same hand that inserted the clause for a double grant for public schools. The contest in the United States Senate in August, 1848, whether or not slavery should be prohibited in Oregon, was earnest and sharp for many days between such leaders as Messrs. Benton, S. A. Douglas, Corwin, J. P. Hale and Collamer for freedom, and Calhoun, Butler, Foote, Davis, Hunter and Mason for slavery. The parties were nearly even. Several days before the adjournment of Congress every possible motion of delay or defeat was made. An all night session was spent in prolonged speeches. The phalanx for freedom stood firm and unbroken, and at the last hour victory perched on their banner and Oregon was dedicated to freedom forever. It was in accord with the general wishes of the pioneers. Their new empire on the Pacific; their toil to win it; their test of self-government, and their hopes all bore the seal of liberty. They had won the region from England, and from the Indians. They had won it for man. They offered a welcome and a home for every stranger and for every helpless, stricken human being. Some of them came from slave States, in bands marked with color lines, but to travelers on the wide plains, hungry and thirsty, the colored man who shared the trials with them was counted a man. His right was gained and owned; the color line faded out.

The colored man George Bush, who owned and fitted out several teams in a

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company, in 1844, commanded a respect which he held all his life, near Olympia.

Congress could hardly annul what the pioneers had done on this point. They could not reject their heroism, blot out their record, or mar their home so nobly earned. The pioneers had made sure by excluding bondage what Congress only ratified and sealed August 14, 1848. Thenceforth Oregon, California, the whole region from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, was under pledge for the rights of man regardless of his color or race. The later victory for freedom, when California was admitted as a free State, hinged upon the victory of 1848 for Oregon. Some adverse laws have been on the statute book, but they have been dead. They were never born alive. The negro slave brought here was a freeman on passing the crest of the Rocky mountains. None were under the lash as before. This genial, temperate air; these snow peaks; these wide plains; these mighty rivers; these hills; these forests of giant trees; this vast ocean, whose waves wash the shores of America and Asia alike, and whose throbbing billows sound their deep diapason every hour, an unceasing harmony from the Northern to the Southern pole, all lift one mighty voice for human freedom and human rights the world around.

Pioneers of 1848.—Ladies and Gentlemen—The year we celebrate is memorable for rest and peace, of assured homes in Oregon, memorable for the close of the Mexican war and the purchase and annexation of California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico to our Union; memorable for the discovery of gold; memorable for the organization of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. and the plan of trans-isthmian commerce and immigration to this coast; memorable for the mining fever excited by the gold placers, and that spread over America, north and south, over Europe and Asia also; memorable for the act of Congress organizing the territory of Oregon, providing us a government, military potection and means of civil process under the American flag; memorable for educational and religious plans for this coast of unlimited growth; memorable for awakened minds and aroused energies of men to do and to dare great things—like the Cayuse war, in which a few companies of pioneer soldiers held the Indian tribes of the interior quiet after the massacre, or like them opening the wagon route through canyons, dense forests and over mountain precipices to the gold mines of California; and memorable for the prevailing spirit of freedom.

PIONEERS OF OREGON!

Great deeds mark honored names. The pioneers of Oregon, men and women, deserve well of their country. They have done much to save this western empire of the great republic. It is right to recall what the coast traders, men of

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the sea, did as patriots, what the missionaries did as patriots, what the first band of settlers did as patriots. It is right to keep in mind that winter march in 1842–43 across the mountains to save Oregon. It is right to recall the men who brought herds and flocks, plows and sickles, and tools to build homes here that were mightier than forts to hold the country. It is right to honor the man who had the forecast and wisdom to form a provisional government and the men who framed the Oregon bill for freedom and education.

It was yours to find the path across the continent and open the way for the new empire on the Pacific. But for your courage, patience and faith, these lands might have been yet unknown, and these towns and cities yet unbuilt; these States unformed and unrepresented. Oregon saved to the United States by your peaceful, yet victorious march of two thousand miles, became the strongest motive for the purchase of California and other contiguous Territories in 1848. It was the key to the future, and in your hand it was turned to unlock the door of destiny for untold millions in the generations yet to be on our Pacific Coast.

It has been said of the Pilgrim Fathers, "that they builded better than they knew."

Let the rights of man be held dear to us; let knowledge guide our steps; let truth and virtue stamp our progress; let the honor of God be our beacon light, and then will appear such signs of human welfare all around that future historians will record—

"The Oregon pioneers builded better than they knew."

Dr. Atkinson's address was the last on the programme, and concluded the exercises at the pavilion. At the close of the address the immense audience was dismissed and dispersed to meet around the camp fire at 8 o'clock in the evening.

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CAMP FIRE AND BALL.

At eight o'clock Tuesday night, camp fires were lighted in the lot adjoining the pavilion on the north. Around them gathered the pioneers and their families, who, with reminiscenses of their early life in Oregon, made a love feast of the occasion. A general desire for speeches was manifested, and loud calls were made for General E. L. Applegate, who mounted a chair and entertained the crowd for half an hour with an incomparable, Applegatonian address. He likened Oregon at its first settlement to the Garden of Eden—Oregon, where God brought forth food in abundance without man's aid. By a chain of admirable argument, he proved that the pioneers who came here in 1841-2-3-4, and were now living, had lived longer than Mathuselah. His semi-earnest, semi-humorous remarks called forth loud applause. Rev. J. S. Griffin was called for and gave some interesting recollections of the commerce of Oregon in 1841.

At 9:30 P. M., the band in the pavilion struck up the Grand March. There were few dancers on the floor at the time, but the galleries were crowded with spectators. As the ball progressed, dancers arrived in large numbers, and after the theater had dismissed its audience, the floor was crowded. Dancing was kept up till a late hour.

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THE ATTACK AT THE CASCADES IN 1856.

An Account by an Ex-Soldier of the Defense at the Middle Block House.

VANCOUVER ARSENAL, W. T., January 7, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

The thrilling and interesting description of the masacre at the Cascades on the 26th of March, 1856, published in the Oregonian of the 1st inst., written immediately after that memoriable event by L. W. Coe, who took a part in it, to Putnam F. Bradford, Esq., who was at that time away on a visit in Massachussetts—gives me a feeling of extreme gladness that Mr. Bradford gave the same for publication even after twenty-five years had almost elapsed since that trying event. I also took part in that defense of the middle block house, and consider myself qualified to judge of the truthfulness of Mr. Coe's general description of all that he was cognizant of. I fully admit his narrative to be true and consider the same a valuable contribution, which ought to be added to the history of Oregon and Washington Territory. Now, if you should deem what further I have to add from memory to more fully complete the sad narrative, I would be pleased to have you publish the same.

But ere I proceed to do so I beg of my readers not to think me vain or boastful while I record some of the events with putting myself as the chief actor in their performance. Necessity compelled it to be so. For instance I was the first person who suspected that the Indians were preparing for mischief. I discovered the same on the day previous to the attack. While carrying a message from Mr. Griswold, who lived at the middle Cascades, to Mr. Hamilton, who lived on a farm a little below the landing at the lower Cascades. The message was given me verbally and also in writing, the substance of which was for Mr Hamilton to bring up immediately a yoke of oxen which Mr. Griswold had purchased of him, and also to hitch them to one of a lot of new government wagons that were at the landing, and bring it up also. The fulfillment of the order was never accomplished. I think that they started on their mission to do so the

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next morning, but after starting, learned that the Indians had broken out on the warpath. So he abandoned the wagon and hastily returned to warn his neighbors and seek safety for himself and family. In passing each way by the Indian camp, which I had to do in going to and from carrying the message, my notice was particularly attracted at seeing the majority of the Indians standing together in council and dressed in warlike costumes, while some few were playing at some game outside. Their actions fully confirmed my belief that they were planning mischief. The movements in particular of three of them going in a circle through the timber awakened in my mind a very strong suspicion that they were trying to catch me to kill me. So I hurried back to the block house with all speed, and told Sergeant Kelly and my other comrades my suspicions. But by reason of our belief in the strength of our position, few as there were of us, we did not dread any danger from Indians or even think any more about it, for during the whole of the night previous to the attack, six out of the nine of us there and an old German—H. Kyle--were drinking whisky toddy and telling their army stories, the old German taking an active part in the sport, claiming to be one of Blucher's Waterloo veterans. To their credit, none got drunk, although they drank a half a gallon of whisky; but in the morning they all felt a little bad from the effects of their drinking and loss of sleep. But the Segeant sent one of the men, Frederick Bernaur, to the Upper Cascades for a canteen full of whisky to give them all their bitters to cure them of their bad feeling. Unfortunately for him, the Indians had commenced their attack on the block house before he returned, preventing him from getting back to us. They shot him through both legs. He managed, however to get to the bank of the river, and there hid from their sight. He fainted several times from the loss of blood, but the whisky he had in his canteen supported his strength. When night came on he left his hiding place and got in safely to the block house, where he received a joyful welcome, for we all thought he was killed.

When the attack on us commenced, nearly all the men of the detachment were scattered around the vicinity. There were but three of us in close proximity to the block house, Sheridan, the cook McMannus and myself. We all heard the shooting, but strange to affirm, even after what I saw the day previous, I, nor the other two even had the least suspicion that we were attacked by Indians. My first feeling at such an unusual occurrance, was that of indignation at such foolish conduct, thinking all the while that somebody was firing off their revolvers. But the cook quickly found out that it was no play, by seeing the door of the cook house riddled with bullets. He immediately gave the alarm by crying "Indians!" McManus and myself were standing close together near the block house, but on the instant of the alarm we cast our eyes towards the hills and timber which closely surrounded us in front, and we then

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beheld to our horror the painted and half-naked savages, exultantly firing upon all they could see. McManus who stood by my side was shot in the groin. He died shortly afterwards in the army hospital at Vancouver from its effects. I must truthfully confess that when I beheld the savages engaged in their bloody work, and my comrade by my side fatally shot, I felt for a few moments as if my hair was lifting off my head. Then my thoughts quickly reverted to the great peril I had escaped the day before. My wounded comrade and myself lost no time in getting inside of the block house. I then quickly got on my accoutrements and gun and immdiately commenced the defence. That terrible feeling which I realized upon first seeing the Indians now entirely left me, and I at once felt the most anxious desire to revenge those they killed and harmed. The incessant firing and the racket of the Indians gave unmistakable warning of deadly danger to those of my comrades who were away strolling around. They all got to the block house in safety excepting Laurance Roony, who was so unfortunate as to be captured upon the hill while cutting wood. The two or three unfortunate families who were living close by the block house ran to it with all their might for the safety of their lives, but several of them were severely wounded in running the gauntlet. We had altogether with us seven wounded and three killed. Among the latter was Mr. Griswold, who might have escaped his death but for his over confidence in the friendliness of the Indians towards him, and his standing in view and waving to the Indians to cease firing, thinking do doubt they were the Cascade Indians, whom he well knew, not suspecting that there was a large force of hostile Yakimas among them. The German boy Kyle, mentioned in Mr. Coe's narrative, was killed while riding on horseback down the road on the hill in front of us. The Indian that shot him stood by the side of a tree close by the road, his gun almost reaching to the poor boy, who fell instantly upon being shot. It was an agonizing sight to me to behold the poor, unconscious boy writhing in deadly agony for four hours. Sometimes he would endeavor to sit up, but each attempt provoked the Indians to shoot arrows at him.

A DESPERATE RACE FOR LIFE.

Tom McDowell and Jehu Switzler, (both well known in Vancouver) and another man, to me before unknown, were on their way from the Upper to the Lower Cascades, but before they had proceeded far they discovered hostile Indians. Being themselves unarmed, they made a desperate effort to reach the block house, which they providentially did in safety, but greatly fatigued and no doubt frightened. They proved to our small force a valuable acquisition. The three gallantly aided us during the defense in all duties assigned to them to do. After they had got in, the door was made secure by a bolt, and then a

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strong chain was drawn tight across That being completed, we prepared in terrible earnest for the uneven and deadly conflict by giving our savage enemies a treat of cannister shot, fourteen rounds in all from our six pounder iron gun, which I should judge made them feel quite insulted, for they after that precipitately retired farther from our reach. But we still insisted while in reach in presenting them with a few shells for a change, which action again, I verily believe, failed to suit their taste, for they still remained shy and cautious as if dreading our extended courtesies towards them, mistrusting, no doubt, that they were not sent with very kindly intention. If so, their conclusion was right. They, however, returned behind the trees to pay their respects to us, which made us to reciprocate their compliment with all gallantry that we were able to extend unto them in return. But by this time they had learnt our mettle and wisely concluded that they could not whip us; so they retired back of the hills out of range of our guns to torture and put to a horrible death our unfortunate comrade, whom they had captured. We could not see them at it, but we all heard his piercing screams. After they had accomplished that last inhuman and diabolical cruelty, the main portion left and went to the lower landing. The outrages which they did there were fully related in Mr. Coe's narrative. They, however, left enough behind to besiege us at the block house. But they did not offer to fight us any more. So ended the first day's transaction. But still in constant vigilance by day and night it was necessary to depend, the safety of our lives until we could get assistance, which most joyously came on the morning of the third day after.

THE SECOND DAY

The Indians were still around us, but did not trouble us any more than that they still besieged us and kept us from getting water, which all of us greatly needed, especially the wounded. I, however, in the afternoon, volunteered to attempt to get both food and water, the Sergeant consenting to my doing so. The stranger who joined our force with McDowell and Switzler, gallantly volunteered to go with me in search of whatever we could find to preserve life. Our comrades in the blockhouse were meanwhile watching with guns in hand, ready to defend us to the utmost of their ability if occasion offered. But luckily we were not molested. I went through a window into Mr. Griswold's house, and to my great joy I found upon a center table a large dish-pan full of excellent doughnuts, three of which I almost instantly swallowed, supposing that if I sent them all in to that large and hungry crowd I might never see any of them again. I then handed them to my comrade outside to take them to the block house, which he did to the great delight of all. I, in the meanwhile discovered in the pantry a large and fine ham, which, with the doughnuts sufficed to relieve

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all of the pangs of hunger. But we failed to get water. I do not now recollect whether any one got a small quantity in the cook house or not. But I remember that myself and my army comrade, William Houser, took an axe and broke open the door of a saloon belonging to one of the Palmer brothers, and there we procured one dozen bottles of porter, one decanter of brandy, the same of whisky and wine, and a small box full of oyster crackers. We got no water there, but the articles mentioned satisfied every requirement except surgical aid until we would get relief, which we knew was close at hand by hearing the report of gallant Phil Sheridan's guns firing upon the enemy at the lower Cascades. After that signal of relief, we all realized that our danger had ceased. We then somewhat relaxed the ceaseless vigilance we had all the time kept, for the purpose of allowing a portion of our guards to take a little rest and sleep. The next morning Bvt. Lieutenant-Col. Edward J. Steptoe, 9th infantry, commanding Companies, A, E, F and I, same regiment, and detachments of Company E, first dragoons, and Company L, third artillery, in all two hundred men, came very unexpectedly to our relief. The Colonel and some of the officers came to the block house to see how all was with us. The Sergeant told them how we had managed. The Colonel then complimented all for their admirable conduct. Now that relief had come, the citizens who had taken refuge with us, left for their homes and other destinations. We soldiers also went where our fancies directed, each of us to examine if we could find traces of injury done to the enemy. We failed to perceive any signs of Indians being hurt, but myself and my comrade with me, Hiram Smiley, found, horribly mutilated, the body of Lawrence Rooney, our murdered companion, my companion first seeing the naked body under the wood he had been cutting. They had hung him with a willow withe, the same being yet around his neck. They had also mashed his nose flat with his ax. We now called out to our other comrades to bring up a blanket to carry the body down to the blockhouse, where we soon made a rude box and placed the remains therein. Lieut. Sheridan then come up to us with his command, H company, 4th infantry, (to which company we of the detachment belonged.) He also had the cavalry to bring up to us the 28 Indians whom he had captured. Each had their arms securely tied with pieces of strong cord. After accomplishing that duty the Lieutenant and his command returned to Fort Vancouver, taking with them the remains of our murdered comrade for burial at the military cemetery. Thus ended the fight and siege of the middle blockhouse.

ROBERT WILLIAMS.

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POSTSCRIPT.—I forgot to insert in my letter the following:

JOINT RESOLUTIONS

Relative to granting extra pay to certain soldiers for meritorious service at the Cascades, viz.:

Resolved by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington, That our Delegate be and he is hereby instructed to exert his influence to procure the passage of an act by Congress granting to Seargeant Kelly and Privates Houser, Roach, Sheridan, Berneaur, Smiley and Williams, Company H, 4th infantry, as a mark of commendation for their efficient aid in protecting the citizens that escaped the massacre at the Cascades, W. T., on the 27th of March last, and their gallant conduct in defending the blockhouse at that place against the combined attack, for three days, of several hundred Indians, the extra pay allowed during the Mexican war to such non commissioned officers and privates as received certificates of merit for distinguished services.

Passed January 24, 1857. R. W.

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COPY OF A DOCUMENT

Found among the Private Papers of the late Dr. John McLoughlin.

The original paper, of which this is a copy, is written in Dr. McLoughlin's handwriting.--Harvey.

In 1824 I came to this country to superintend the management of the Hudson Bay Company's trade on the coast, and we came to the determination to abandon Astoria, and go to Fort Vancouver, as it was a place where we could cultivate the soil and raise our own provisions.

In March, 1825, we moved there and that spring planted potatoes and sowed two bushels of peas, the only grain we had, and all we had. In the fall I received from New York Factory a bushel spring wheat, a bushel oats, a bushel barley, a bushel Indian corn and a quart of timothy, and all of which was sown in proper time, and which produced well except the Indian corn, for which the ground was too poor and the nights rather cool, and continued extending our improvements.

In 1828, the crop was sufficient to enable us to dispense with the importation of flour, etc.

In 1825, from what I had seen of the country, I formed the conclusion from the mildness and salubrity of the climate, that this was the finest portion of North America that I had seen for the residence of civilized man, and as the farmers could not cultivate the ground without cattle, and as the Hudson Bay Company had only twenty-seven (27) head, big and small, and as I saw at the time no possibility of getting cattle by sea, and that was too expensive, I determined that no cattle should be killed at Vancouver except one bull calf every year for rennet to make cheese, till we had an ample stock to meet all our demands, and to assist settlers, a resolution to which I strictly adhered, and the first animal killed for beef was in 1838, till that time we had lived on fresh and salt venison and wild fowl. From morality and policy I stopped the sale and issue of spiritous liquor to the Indians, but to do this effectually I had to stop the sale of liquor to all whites. In 1834, when Mr. Wyeth, of Boston

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came, he began by selling liquor, but on my assuring him that the Hudson Bay Company sold no liquor to whites or Indians, he immediately adopted the same rule.

One night in August, 1828, I was surprised by the Indians making a great noise at the gate of the fort, saying they had brought an American. The gate was opened, the man came in, but was so affected he could not speak. After setting down some minutes to recover himself, he told he was, he thought, the only survivor of eighteen (18) men, conducted by the late Jedediah Smith. All the rest, he thought, were murdered. The party left San Francisco bound to their rendezvous at the Salt Lake. They ascended the Sacramento valley, but finding no opening to cross the mountains to go east, they bent their course to the coast, which they reached at the mouth of Rogue river, then came along the beach to the Umpqua, where the Indians stole their ax, and as it was the only ax they had, and which they absolutely required to make rafts to cross rivers, they took the chief prisoner and their ax was returned. Early the following morning, Smith started in a canoe with two (2) men and an Indian, and left orders, as usual, to allow no Indians to come into camp. But to gratify their passion for women, the men neglected to follow the order, allowed the Indians to come into camp, and at an Indian yell five or six Indians fell upon each white man At the time, the narrator, Black, was out of the crowd, and had just finished cleaning and loading his rifle; three (3) Indians jumped on him, but he shook them off, and seeing all his comrades struggling on the ground and the Indians stabbing them, he fired on the crowd and rushed to the woods pursued by the Indians, but fortunately escaped; swam across the Umpqua and northward in the hopes of reaching the Columbia where he knew we were. But broken down by hunger and misery, as he had no food but a few wild berries which he found on the beach, he determined to give himself up to the Killimour, a tribe on the coast at Cape Lookout, who treated him with great humanity, relieved his wants and brought him to the Fort, for which, in case whites might again fall in their power, and to induce them to act kindly to them, I rewarded them most liberally. But as Smith and his two men might have escaped and if we made no search for them at break of day the next morning, I sent Indian runners with tobacco to the Willamette chiefs, to tell them to send their people in search of Smith and his two men, and if they found them to bring them to the Fort and I would pay them, and telling them if any Indians hurt these men we would punish them, and immediately equiped a strong party of forty (40) well armed men. But as the men were embarking to our great joy Smith and his two men arrived.

I then arranged as strong a party as I could make to recover all we could of

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Smith's property. I divulged my plan to none, but gave written instructions to the officer, to be opened early when he got to the Umpqua, because if known before they got there, the officers would talk of it among themselves, the men would hear it and from them it would go to their Indian wives, who were spies on us, and my plan would be defeated. The plan was that the officer was, as usual, to invite the Indians to bring their furs to trade, just as if nothing had happened. Count the furs, but as the American trappers mark all their skins, keep these all separate, give them to Mr. Smith and not pay the Indians for them, telling them that they belonged to him; that they got them by murdering Smith's people.

They denied having murdered Smith's people, but admitted they bought them of the murderers. The officers told them they must look to the murderers for the payment, which they did; and as the murderers would not restore the property they had received, a war was kindled among them, and the murderers were punished more severely than we could have done, and which Mr. Smith himself admitted, and to be much preferable to going to war on them, as we could not distinguish the innnocent from the guilty, who, if they chose, might fly to the mountains, where we could not find them. In this way we recovered property for Mr. Smith to the amount of three thousand two hundred dollars, without any expense to him, and which was done from a principle of Christian duty, and as a lesson to the Indians to show them they could not wrong the whites with impunity.

In 1828, Etinne Lucier, a Willamette trapper, asked me if I thought this would become a settled country? I told him wherever wheat grew, he might depend it would become a farming country. He asked me what assistance I would afford him to settle as a farmer? I told him I would loan him seed to sow and wheat to feed himself and family, to be returned from the produce of his farm, and sell him such implements as were in the Hudson Bay Company's store, at fifty per cent. on prime cost. But a few days after he came back and told me he thought there was too remote a prospect of this becoming a civilized country, and as there were no clergymen in the country, he asked me a passage for his family in the Hudson Bay Co.'s boats, to which I acceded. He started in September to meet the boats at the mountain; the express came in too late and he had to return, and went to hunt for the winter.

In 1829, he again applied to begin to farm. I told him that since he had spoken to me I heard that several of the trappers would apply for assistance to begin to farm, and that it was necessary for me to come to a distinct understanding with him to serve as a rule for those who might follow. That the Hudson Bay Company were bound under heavy penalties to discharge none of

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their servants in the Indian country, and bound to return them to the place where they engaged them. That this was done to prevent vagabonds being let loose among the Indians and incite them to hostility to the whites. But as I knew he was a good, honest man, and none but such need apply, and as if he went to Canada and unfortunately died before his children could provide for themselves they would become objects of pity and a burthen to others. For these reasons I would assist him to settle. But I must keep him and all the Hudson Bay Company's servants whom I allowed to settle, on the Hudson Bay Company's books as servants, so as not to expose the Hudson Bay Company and me to a fine, but they would work for themselves, and no service would be exacted from them.

Many of the Canadians objected to go to the Willamette, because it was to become American Territory, which I told them it would as the Hudson Bay Company in 1825 officially informed that on no event could the British Government claim extend south of the Columbia, and that they were afraid they would not have the same advantages as American citizens. I told them from the fertility of the soil, the extent of prairie and the easy access from the sea that the Willamette (they must admit) was the best and only place adapted to form a settlement which would have a beneficial effect on the whole country north of San Francisco, where we could assist and protect them from the Indians in case of difficulty, and as to advantages I did not know what they would have, but this I knew, that the American Government and people knew only two classes of persons, rogues and honest men, that they punished the first and protected the last, and it depended only upon themselves to what class they would belong.

Others wanted to go and live with the relatives of their wives, but as their children would be brought up with the sympathies and feelings of Indians, and as the half-breeds are in general leaders among Indians, and they would be a thorn in the side of the whites, I insisted they should go to the Willamette, where their children could be brought up as whites and Christians, and brought to cultivate the ground and imbued with the feelings and sympathies of whites, and where they and their mothers would serve as hostages for the good behavior of their relatives in the interior. As Indians judge of whites by themselves, and I think if they injure whites on their lands, the whites would revenge it by murdering their Indian relative among them, and as the settlement increased by the addition of Indian women and half-breeds, the turbulence of the Indian tribes would diminish, and certainly the Cayuse war would not have been quelled so easily as it was if other half-breeds had not joined the Americans; and I have great pleasure to be able to say what must be admitted by all who know them,

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that the Canadian trappers and half-breeds who have settled as farmers, are as peaceable, orderly, neighborly and industrious a set of men as any in the settlement; and that so far the Canadian settlement has produced and supplied three-fourths of the grain that has been exported.

In 1832, Mr. Nathaniel Wythe, of Cambridge, near Boston, came across land with a party of men, but as the vessel he expected to meet here with supplies was wrecked on the way, he returned to the East with three (3) men. The remainder joined the Willamette settlement and got supplies and were assisted by the Hudson Bay Company's servants, and to be paid the same price for their wheat--that is, three shillings sterling per bushel, and purchase their supplies at fifty per cent. on prime cost.

In 1834, Mr. Wyeth returned with a fresh party, and met the vessel with supplies here, and started with a large outfit for Fort Hall, which he had built on his way, and in 1836, he abandoned the business and returned to the States, and those of his men that remained in the country joined the settlements and were assisted as the others on the same terms as the Hudson Bay Company's servants, and in justice to Mr. Wyeth, I have great pleasure to be able to state that as a rival in trade, I always found him open, manly, frank and fair, and in short, in all his contracts, a perfect gentleman and an honest man, doing all he could to support morality and encouraging industry in the settlement.

In 1834, Messrs. Jason and Daniel Lee, and Messrs. Walker and P. L. Edwards came with Mr. Wyeth to establish a mission in the Flat-head country. I observed to them that it was too dangerous for them to establish a mission; that to do good to the Indians, they must establish themselves where they could collect them around them; teach them first to cultivate the ground and live more comfortably than they do by hunting, and as they do this, teach them religion; that the Willamette afforded them a fine field, and that they ought to go there, and they would get the same assistance as the settlers. They followed my advice and went to the Willamette, and it is but justice to these pioneers to say that no men, in my opinion, could exert themselves more zealously than they did till 1840, when they received a large reinforcement of forty (40) or more persons, then the new-comer began to neglect their duties, discord sprung up among them and the mission broke up.

I made it a rule that none of the Hudson Bay Company's servants should be allowed to join the settlements unless he had fifty pounds sterling before him, as he required that sum to supply him with clothing and implements. He that begins business on credit is seldom so careful and industrious as he who does business on his own means. By this I effected two objects, I made the men

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more saving and industrious, and attached them to their farms. If I had not done so, they would have abandoned on the least difficulty. But having their means invested on their improvements they saw if they abandonded the loss would be theirs, they therefore persisted and succeeded. When the settlement was formed, though the American trappers had no means, they were assisted on credit, and *all* in three years paid up from the produce of their farms.

Every settler had as much wheat on loan as he wanted to begin with, and I lent them each two cows, as in 1825 we had only twenty-seven head, big and small, old and young.

If I sold they would of course be entitled to the increase, and I would not have the means to assist the new settlers, and the settlement would be retarded, as those purchasers who offered me two hundred dollars for a cow would put such a price on the increase as would put it out of the power of poor settlers to buy. This would prevent industrious men settling. For these reasons I would not sell but loaned as I say, two cows to each settler, and in case the increase of settlers might be greater than we could afford to supply with cattle, I reserved the right to take any cattle I required (above his two cows) from any settler to assist new settlers.

To the Methodist Mission, as it was a public institution, I lent seven oxen, one bull and eight cows with their calves.

In the beginning, several settlers lost cattle poisoned by eating water hemlock. It has been said by the late Mr. Thurston, Delegate from Oregon, on the floor of Congress, that settlers paid for dead cattle. This is a wanton falsehood, as it is well known to all old settlers that no settler paid a cent for dead cattle. It was a loss to the Company.

In 1836 we found means of forming a company to go to California for cattle. I took half the stock for the Hudson Bay Company, so that by purchasing a larger number (as the expense of driving five hundred or a thousand was the same) as it would make the cattle cheaper. Those of the settlers that had means put it in the stock, those that had none, engaged as drivers at one dollar per day, to be paid in cattle at their actual cost. Mr. Slocum, who came here in a chartered vessel, gave them a passage gratis from this place to San Francisco. Mr. Ewing Young was selected to conduct the party. Mr. P. L. Edwards, who came with Messrs. Lee, of the Methodist Mission, but now a lawyer in California, was appointed Treasurer. They brought, I think, about seven hundred head of cattle, which cost eight dollars per head rendered. In the Willamette, the settlers kept the tame and broken in oxen they had belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and gave their California wild cattle in the

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place, so that they found themselves stocked with tame cattle which cost them only eight dollars per head, and the Hudson Bay Company, to favor the settlers, took calves in place of grown up cattle, because the Hudson Bay Company wanted them for beef. These calves would grow up before they were required.

In 1840, as I already stated, the Methodist Mission received a large reinforcement. I had selected for a claim, Oregon City, in 1829, made improvements on it and had a large quantity of timber squared. The Superintendent applied to me for a loan of some of it to build a mission house. I lent them the timber and had a place pointed out to them upon which to build. In 1840 the Methdist Mission formed a milling association and jumped part of my claim and began to build a saw and grist mill. They assumed the right to judge of my rights, and said that I could not hold it as part of my claim, though the stream that separates the islet from the main land is not more than forty feet wide in summer. This island is what is called "Abernethy Island," and is about —— acres in extent. I 1842, Mr. Waller, the resident missionary in the house, to build which I lent timber, which they never returned, and gave the ground upon which to build, set up a claim to Oregon City in opposition to me, but after some difficulty. I paid them $500 and he gave it up. I prefered to do this and have done with it rather than hereafter trouble government with it.

In 1842, the first party of regular immigrants—about fifty—came from the States. They got all the assistance they required, but in 1843, most of them, not liking the country, went with their leader—Mr. Hastings—to California.

In 1843, about 800 immigrants arrived from the States. I saw by the looks of the Indians that they were excited, and I watched them. As the first stragglers were arriving at Vancouver in canoes, I was standing on the bank, nearer the water there was a group of ten or twelve Indians. One of them bawled out to his companions, "It is good for us to kill these Bostons." Struck with the excitement I had seen in the countenances of the Indians since they had heard the report of the immigration coming, I felt certain they were inclined to mischief, and that he spoke thus loud as a feeler to sound me, and take their measures accordingly. I immediately rushed on them with my cane, calling out at the same time, "Who is the dog that says it is a good thing to kill the Bostons." The fellow, trembling, excused himself, "I spoke without meaning harm, but The Dalles Indians say so." "Well," said I, "The Dalles Indians are dogs for saying so, and you also," and left him, as, if I had remained longer it would have had a bad effect. I had done enough to convince them I would not allow them to do wrong to the immigrants with impunity. From this Indian saying, in the way he did, that the Dalles Indians said it was good to kill the Bostons, I felt it my duty to do all I could to avert so horrid a deed.

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Mr. P. L. Edwards, whom I mentioned came in 1834, with Messrs. Lee, and left in 1838, sent me a letter by Gen. McCarver, stating he had given a letter of introduction to me to P. H. Burnett, Esq. I immediately formed my plan and kept my knowledge of the horrid design of the Indians' secret, as I felt certain that if the Americans knew it, these men acting independent of each other, would be at once for fighting, which would lead to their total destruction, and I sent two (2) boats with provisions to meet them; sent provisions to Mr. Burnett, and a large quantity of provisions for sale to those who would purchase, and to be given to those who had not the means, being confident that fright I had given (as I already stated), the Indians who said it was a good thing to kill the Bostons was known at the Dalles before our boats were there, and that with the presence of the Hudson Bay Company people, and the assistance they afforded the immigrants, would deter the Indians from doing them any wrong, and I am happy to be able to say I entirely succeeded. At first I thought these Indians were excited by some of the Irroquois Indians in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and tried to find if so, but found nothing to enlighten me on the subject.

About a month after Dr. Whitman, from his mission Wall Walla to Vancouver, as the Dalles was on his way, and as he had seen the principal men there, it occurred to me that he might have heard of it, and told him what I heard the Indian say, and how I had alarmed him, what I had done to deter them and my suspicion that all this sprung from some of our rascally Irroquois, and that I was anxious to find that rascal out to punish him as an example to deter others. "Oh," says the Doctor, I know all about it." "You do, Doctor," said I. "Yes," said the Doctor, "and I have known it for two years." "You have known it for two years and you told me nothing! Pray tell me his name." The Doctor, seeing I was on the wrong scent, said, "His name is Thomas Hill." After thinking for some time, I replied the Hudson Bay Company had no man of that name in their service. "Oh," says the Doctor, "Tom Hill the Shawnee." This Indian, it is said, had been educated at Dartmouth College in the States, had told the Indians that a few Americans had came to settle on their lands; that the Shawnees allowed them, but when the Americans were strong enough they drove the Shawnees off and now the Shawnees have no lands, and had urged the Indians to allow no Americans to settle on their lands, which advice the Indians about Walla Walla say the Cayuses are following to this day, and the Indians were inclined to follow by killing the immigrants who first came, and which I believe they would have done but for the decided and cautious manner that I acted. And the reason the Indian made use of the expression he did, was because I punished the murderers of the

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Smith party, and before acting they wanted to know how I would treat them, and most certainly if I had not been most anxious for the safety of the immigrants and to discharge to them the duties of a Christian, my ear would not have caught so quickly the words, "it is a good thing to kill these Bostons," and acted as I did. In fact, if the immigrants had all been my brothers and sisters, I could not have done more for them. I fed the hungry, caused the sick to be attended to and nursed, furnished them every assistance so long as they required it, and which some have not paid to this day, though abundantly able, and for which, if they do not pay, I am answerable to the Hudson Bay Company. It may be said, and has been said, that I was too liberal in making these advances. It is not so, but it was done judiciously and prudently.

When the immigration of 1842 came, we had enough of breadstuffs in the country for one year, but as the immigrants reported that next season there would be a greater immigration, it was evident if there was not a proportionate increase of seed sown in 1843 and 1844, there would be a famine in the country in 1845, which would lead to trouble, as those that had families, to save them from starvation, would be obliged to have recourse to violence to get food for them. To avert this I freely supplied the immigrants of 1843 and 1844 with the necessary articles to open farms, and by these means avoided the evils. In short I afforded every assistance to the immigrants so long as they required it, and by management I kept peace in the country, and in some cases had to put up with a great deal; for instance, when the milling company jumped part of my claim, the island upon which they built a mill, and which subsequently Abernethy purchased, and when Williamson jumped part of Fort Vancouver, as may be seen by my correspondence with the provisional government on the subject, and which occurred in the presence of several American citizens, who I am happy to say strongly expressed their disapprobation of Williamson's conduct, and which I am induced to believe made him desist, and it will be seen, to their credit, that Messrs. ...., ..., ..., the Executive Committee, acted in a straightforward, manly and correct manner, and it was by such conduct on the part of respectable American citizens, that peace and order were maintained in the country. It is true, several thought I was too forbearing; but when I saw how much the good on both sides would suffer if I acted differently, and that a war between Great Britain and the United States might be caused by it, I considered it my duty to act as I did, and by which I think I may have prevented a war between the United States and Great Britain. And how have I been treated by both?

By British demagogues I have been represented as a traitor. For what? Because I acted as a Christian; saved American citizens, men, women and children from the Indian tomahawk and enabled them to make farms to support their families.

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American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by hundreds by the savages. I, who saved all I could. I have been represented by the delegate from Oregon, the late S. R. Thurston, as doing all I could to prevent the settling, while it was well known to every American settler who is acquainted with the history of the Territory, if this is not a downright falsehood, and most, certainly will say, that he most firmly believes that I did all I could to promote its settlement, and that I could not have done more for the settlers if they had been my brothers and sisters, and after being the first person to take a claim in the country and assisting the immigrants as I have, my claim is reserved, after having expended all the means I had to improve it, while every other settler in the country gets his. But as I felt convinced that any disturbance between us here might lead to a war between Great Britain and the States, I felt it my bounden duty as a Christian, to act as I did, and which I think averted the evil, and which was so displeasing to some English demagogues that they represented me to the British government as a person so partial to American interests as selling the Hudson Bay Company goods in my charge cheaper to American than I did to British subjects. On the other hand, though, if the American immigrants had been my brothers and sisters, I could not have done more for them; yet, after acting as I have, spending my means and doing my utmost to settle the country, my claim is reserved, while every other settler in the country gets his; and how much this has injured me, is daily injuring me, it is needless to say, and certainly it is a treatment I do not deserve and which I did not expect.

To be brief, I founded this settlement and prevented a war between the United States and Great Britain, and for doing this peaceably and quietly, I was treated by the British in such a manner that from self respect I resigned my situation in the Hudson Bay Company's service, by which I sacrificed $12,000 per annum, and the "Oregon Land Bill" shows the treatment I received from the Americans.

NOTES BY MRS. HARVEY.

NOTE 1. Etienne Lucier first settled on the east side Willamette river, opposite the present City of Portland, remaining there several years, afterwards removing higher up the river, near Champoeg. Lucier was the *first* settler.

NOTE 2. Those of the Hudson Bay Company who were willing to take farms, all of them being French Canadians, chose a prairie twenty or thirty miles above the Willamette Falls, to which was given the name of "French Prairie," the name by which it is known at the present time.

NOTE 3. About three or four acres.

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SKETCH OF EWING YOUNG.

TILLAMOOK, Tillamook Co., Ogn., Jan. 10, 1881.

Hon. M. Crawford, Dayton, Oregon :

SIR :—Your letter of the 19th ult., was received by me to-day at my residence on the Nestucca river of this county.

Your request that I furnish you with what I know of the life, or *history and incidents* of Ewing Young deceased. This I will do most gladly, as I candidly believe that it was through that thorough going man that Oregon was brought so speedily into notice. But without making any commentations on the subject, I will proceed to say that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Young about the 1st of November, 1834, a few days after his arrival in the Willamette valley from California. He brought with him from California a herd of Spanish mares and horses; he erected a dwelling on the Willamette river opposite to Champoeg, being the first house built on the west side of that river by a white man. At this time an unpleasant incident occurred to Mr. Young. It was this: At the time of his leaving California a large number of persons also came, and among them were some reckless persons, who, after the company had left the Spanish settlements, returned to some stock ranches and drove off a number of horses.

At the time Mr. Young left the Spanish settlement for Oregon, the Hudson Bay Company's schooner "Cadborro," was at Monterey, California, and sailed in a few days for the Columbia, and by whom the Governor General of California wrote Dr. McLaughlin, then acting Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company for the District of the Columbia, stating that Ewing Young and company had stolen a band of horses from ranches in California. This letter reached the Doctor about the time Mr. Young arrived in the Willamette. Mr. Young being in want of some supplies, and having a few beaver skins, sent them to Fort Vancouver to exchange for his supplies. But Dr. McLaughlin having been advertised by no less authority than the Governor General of California that Young was at the head of a banditti, refused to purchase the beaver, but sent Mr. Young the articles which he had wished to purchase, besides sending him several articles of refreshments for his table. But when the articles came he,

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Young, indignantly refused to receive the goods or refreshments, but procured an Indian canoe and some Indian help and went in person to Vancouver, where harsh words took place between the Doctor and Mr. Young. After moderation and reason returned, the Doctor satisfied Mr. Young that he could not, being at the head of a company trading directly to California and elsewhere, have acted otherwise than to have given credence and respect to the charge against him and his company by the Gov. of California. And as the schooner "Cadborro" returned the ensuing year to California, Dr. McLaughlin wrote to the Governor of California, as also did Mr. Young. And the ensuing fall of that year the Governor wrote to Dr. McLaughlin and Mr. Young withdrawing the charges against Young, and regretting the occurrence. [In order to show how Mr. Young became the object of concern and interest of the Government, I will have to introduce another character, that is, Hall I. Kelly, an author and publisher of a pamphlet about Oregon, etc. Mr. Kelly was in California at the time Young started for Oregon and came in the company, and being a man of considerable literary talent and notoriety, he was also pointed out in the Governor General's letter to Dr. McLaughlin, and also received the Doctor's refusal of fellowship, but the Doctor prepared for him and had well supplied with all the comforts the Fort could supply, a dwelling, appointed him a waiter and laundress, and when in the ensuing spring the company's vessel sailed for the Sandwich Islands, gave him a free passage. On Mr. Kelly's arrival at Boston, he published an account of his travels, and dwelt with a good deal of severity upon the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, and how he and Young had been treated, etc. This pamphlet was sent to our Consul at the Sandwich Islands, who was instructed to make the necessary inquiry about the condition of Young and other American citizens on the Columbia. About this time Lieut. W. A. Slocum, of the U. S. Navy, arrived at Oahu, (in Sandwich Islands) and Mr. Jones, the U. S. Consul, chartered a little brig and got Lieut. Slocum to come and see, etc. (This was in the winter of 1836.)]

Mr. Young continued to live on his place opposite Champoeg, doing but little except to look after his Spanish horses, doing his trading with the American company, for which I was then acting agent (1835). But as Young was a man of strong natural mind and great determination, and withal industrious and enterprising, he resolved to go at something to make a better and more independent living, and resolved to erect a distillery, but the want of kettles and other apparatus prevented.

In the spring of 1836, Mr. Wyeth, one of the partners of the American Company, had resolved to break up business in the country, and it was then that

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Young purchased one of the chaldrons we used for pickling salmon, of Capt. Wyeth, and went formally to work in erecting a distillery. By this time a thorough reconciliation had taken place between Young and Dr. McLaughlin, and the latter told Mr. Y. that if he persisted in his distillering it would prove a ruin to the farming settlement, and assured him if he wished to enter into any kind of enterprise that would be useful and beneficial to the Young settlement, that he would advance any required aid. Upon this appeal and offer he abandoned the distillery and then was planing for a saw and grist mill. About this time (winter of 1836–37) Lieut. Slocum arrived, and calling at Vancouver, where he made his quarters. In a few days he called upon Young, and everything being explained satisfactorily, Young and Slocum put in motion the introduction of Spanish cattle into Oregon, and within a few days a company was formed, Slocum supplying the money and giving a free passage to the persons engaged, in his chartered brig, to California. In this company, Young acted as the purchasing agent and manager.

Shortly after the arrival of the cattle into Oregon, Young went to work at his saw mill and erected it on the Chehalem creek, near its confluence with the Willamette river. This he kept at work until the winter of 1840–41, when it was flooded off. A short time after this Mr. Young sickened, and in February, 1841, died.

Mr. Young was a native of Knox county, Tennessee, learned the cabinet maker's trade in Knoxville, Tennessee. He was a very candid and scrupulously honest man ; was thoroughgoing, brave and daring.

He was buried a short distance west of his residence, or where he died, in Chehalem Valley, in Yamhill county, under some oak trees. Sidney Smith subsequently occupied the house. There was once a pailing put around the grave. At this time I know nothing of it.

This constitutes all that your society, perhaps, may deem necessary. All that I have thus brifly stated took place under my own observation and knowledge and what I learned from Mr. Young himself.

If anything else comes up before your society which I can aid in furthering, from any knowledge I h .ve of it, I will cheerfully do so.

With high respect, most respectfully yours,

COURTNEY M. WALKER.

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G. A. CONE, SR.

A Brief Sketch of an Oregon Pioneer's Life.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

BUTTEVILLE, Oregon, April 11, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

G. A. Cone, Sr., who died at this place, April 7, 1881, was a native of Windsor county, Vermont; born May 23, 1798, had therefore reached the advanced age of 82 years, 10 months and 15 days. The son of a cooper, he learned that trade, working with his father until the close of the late war with England. Fired with the spirit of western adventure through glowing accounts of the country beyond the Alleghany mountains, given by returning volunteers, young Cone, in 1815, on attaining his 17th year, very unceremoniously bid adieu to his Green Mountain home, to work his way on foot to the valley of the Ohio, the then renowned Eden of the far distant west, reaching Cincinnati early in 1816, where he worked at his trade for one year. From thence to the village of St. Omer, where in 1818, at the age of 20 years, he married Mary Garrison, who, for 52 years, was his true and loving helpmate, she having departed this life May 10, 1870. In 1821, he settled on a farm near Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, Indiana, but being of rather a restless disposition, he improved some half-dozen new farms in different sections of the State. In early life he joined the Methodist Church, but during the anti-Masonic excitement incident to the Morgan affair, he changed his membership to the Moravian or United Brethren sect, having been a preacher of the faith in both denominations. In middle life, however, he discarded the doctrine of future endless punishment. He said to the writer a few months since, as he had on many former occasions: "I sincerely hope my true sentiments with regard to this life and the hereafter will not be misrepresented. I have found, as a class, the best and most useful people in this world to be those who by their labor are producers, and who know most of, and follow nearest to the infallible laws governing the universe;

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and there is no way by which we can escape the penalty of their violation. With regard to the future life in some, to me unknown world, I certainly have no satisfactory knowledge whatever, I am fully content in leaving this to me unsolved and unknowable question to the future where it belongs, while in truth and sincerity I am a thousand fold more happy in my present state of mind, than I was when earnestly believing that the greater number of my fellow beings were in effect doomed to future torment for time without end. After having lived nearly a quarter of a century in Indiana, Mr. Cone crossed the eastern branch of the great father of waters, settling in Henry County, Iowa Territory, where he remained for ten years. In the spring of 1851, leaving his family at Keokuk with his elder son, he crossed the plains to Oregon where three sons had preceded him a few years before. Mr. Cone settled near Butteville where he improved and for ten years cultivated his last new farm.

In 1862 he moved to the village of Butteville where he soon after opened a store, serving for many years as postmaster and justice of the peace. An old line Whig of the great northwest, earnestly devoted to the principles of personal, political and religious liberty, he naturally gravitated to the Republican party. He has often remarked to the writer that Mr. Clay to whom he had often listened in early life had a lasting influence upon his subsequent political course. He was beyond measure the most captivating orator that I ever heard. A man of commanding presence, he seemed to speak from the serene hights of conscious power, grand in eloquence and of dauntless courage. He captivated and led at will the great heart and mind of an audience as none but Harry of the West could do. Mr. Cone lived under the administration of all the Presidents of the United States, save that of Washington's, sixty years having intervened between the dates of casting his first and last ballot for President. His first vote was given for James Monroe in 1820, his last for Gen. Garfield in 1880.

Mr. Cone was a plain, unpretending, industrious pioneer, who, for his many sterling qualities, was much respected by his neighbors, and his once familiar form will be greatly missed in this community. The highways and byways which the old pioneers have so long traveled together seem to grow dimmer and darker, as one by one these honored friends are taken from the ranks of the old vanguard whose life's labor has given to civilization the late wilderness of this now mighty west.

At 3 o'clock on the 8th inst., the mortal remains of G. A. Cone, Sr., were followed to the Butteville cemetery by a long procession of old neighbors and friends, where, after an appropriate address by Judge Grim, the remains were consigned to the grave.

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THE LATE GEO. LAROQUE.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

BUTTEVILLE, February 27, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Mr. George Laroque, late of Oregon City, who died at Oakland, California, on the 23d inst., was born near Montreal, Canada, in 1820. Came to the United States in 1836. Went to St. Louis, Missouri, in the spring of 1839, where in the following fall he entered the service of the American Fur Company, starting at once for Fort Pierre on the Missouri river. Some time after, was sent to Fort Laramie. Being an expert in the use of the rifle, he was promoted to the position of hunter, whose duty was to supply the Fort with meat. This position commanded a considerable advance in his wages. Mountain men, like those in the more civilized pursuits of life, were paid in proportion to the value of the services which they were capable of performing. George Laroque was an energetic, resolute mountaineer, and for his discreetness and well known courage, was frequently employed by the company as expressman in making long, hazardous journeys. On one of those occasions he started from Fort Laramie with the annual express for St. Louis, by way of Fort Pierre, at which point there was some slight hope of reaching in time to meet the company's steamboat returning from the Yellowstone with a cargo of peltries. If successful would leave his mule and take passage for his destination. The distance, 320 miles, he dashed off in 48 consecutive hours, barely reaching the post in time to accomplish his object.

Laroque continued this life on the plains until 1847, when, after having experienced eight years of wild, exciting life on the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, he turned his face toward the setting sun, crossed the country, and in the fall rejoined his old comrade, F. X. Matthieu, in the valley of the Willamette.

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During the first gold excitement which swept through this valley like a prairie fire, in the fall of 1848, Mr. Laroque took passage on the old brig Henry, for the new "Golden Gate." After several months spent in prospecting, with the usual success of the inexperienced miner of the early days in California, he went to Feather river, where he soon after had the good fortune to strike a rich pocket, from which, in a few days he scooped out some $12,000, returning to Oregon in 1849.

In the spring of 1851 he became a member of the mercantile firm of F. X. Matthieu & Co., at Butteville, with which he was associated for several years. He finally embarked in the wheat trade and milling business at Oregon City, in which he was engaged at the time of his death. Notwithstanding Mr. Laroque had received little or no early advantages from the schools, he was a very correct and successful business man, having accumulated a very considerable fortune. He leaves a wife, daughter and three sons to mourn their loss.

His name is enrolled on the register of the Pioneer Association, whose old members are fast giving way to later generations.

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TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1880.

To the Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

I submit for your consideration my Sixth Annual Report for the year past:

1879.		RECEIPTS.	
June 15,	To balance on hand as per report		$ 1 29
	To cash received from ball		77 00
	" "	License Photographer	2 00
	" "	License and rent per Waite	192 00
	" "	Dues, &c., per Brown	100 50
June 26,	" "	C. Hopkins, (man)	1 00
	" "	Jason Peters, (per Crawford)	1 00
1880.			
May 6,	" "	J. M. Moore, (dues)	1 00
17,	" "	Wm. Gromes, (man)	1 00
			$376 79

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Warrant No. 1,	C. W. Hoyden	$	8 00
" " " 2,	E. M. Waite		220 47
" " " 3,	Mr. Titus		5 00
" " " 4,	J. W. Minto		6 00
" " " 5,	Wright & Bristow		5 25
" " " 6,	W. T. Clark		2 50
" " " 7,	W. N. Brown		5 00
" " " 8,	A. Rhodes		2 50
" " " 9,	R. A. Baker		3 00
" " " 10,	D. Newsome		8 00
" " " 11,	A. W. Smith		3 00

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Paid Warrant No. 12, W. Wallace	20 00	
" " " 13, G. H. Himes	15 00	
" " " 14, A. G. Walling	12 00	
" " " 15, A. H. Woodruff	33 00	
" " " 16, F. Conway	4 00	
" " " 17, H. W. Pallies	5 50	
" " " 18, Van Wagner	4 50	
June 14, Cash to balance	15 07	
		$376 79
To cash on hand	$ 15 07	
Less expenses to Salem	5 00	
	$ 10 07	

Respectfully submitted,

J M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

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